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VOL. IX. NO. 99

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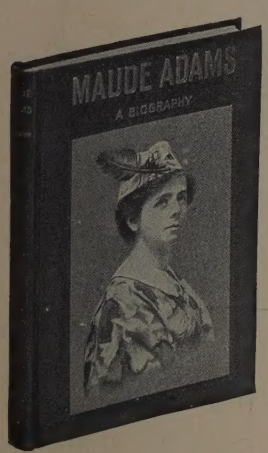

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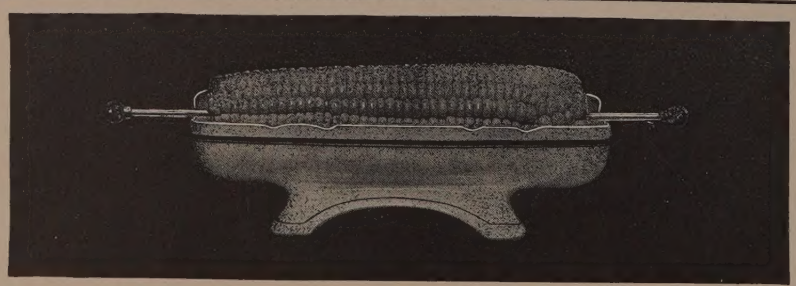

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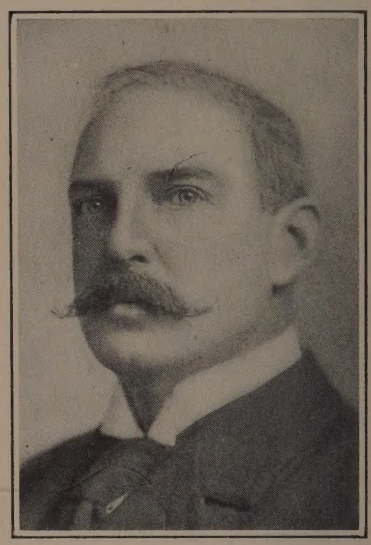
The Biography of Maude Adams given with a year's subscription to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, at the regular subscription price of $3.50. Send in your order at once.

F. Marion Crawford Dead

F. Marion Crawford, the distinguished American novelist, died in his home at Sorrento, Italy, on April 9th last. He had been failing in health for some time. The direct cause of his death was pneumonia. He was fifty-four years old.

Marion Crawford was the most prolific and most widely known of all American novelists. His stories have been translated into almost every



THE LATE F. MARION CRAWFORD

living tongue. The son of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, whose figure of Liberty crowns the capitol at Washington, and a nephew of Julia Ward Howe, his youth was spent in Italy, which later became his permanent home. He was educated at Cambridge, England, and also studied at the universities of Heidelberg and Rome. Later he went to India and mastered sanscrit. It was while in India that he began his literary work as editor of the Allahabad *Indian Herald*. He returned to America in 1881 and became a student at Harvard, contributing to periodicals and magazines in order to pay his expenses. It was soon after this that he began to write his first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," which had an immediate and enormous success. Among his other novels are, "Doctor Claudius" (1883), "A Roman Singer" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "Saracinesca" (1887), "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887), "Greifenstein" (1889), "Sant Ilario" (1889), "A Cigarette-maker's Romance" (1890), "Via Crucis" (1899), "In the Palace of the King" (1900).

Mr. Crawford was fond of the theatre and essayed to write for it, but did not meet with the same success as he did with his books. A stage version by him of "Francesca da Rimini" was produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Paris in 1902. Viola Allen starred for several seasons in a dramatization of his "In the Palace of the King," and she is at present starring in a dramatization of his latest book, "The White Sister." In 1901 Mr. Crawford consented to be one of the judges in a play contest instituted by the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Victor Talking Machine Records

Rumor has it that the voice of the great tenor Caruso is seriously impaired by rheumatism of the throat. At one time this would have been regarded as an irreparable disaster by the entire musical world, but since the invention of the Victor Talking Machine the public is less at the mercy of the hazards of health. The artist himself may be silenced, but his glorious voice, marvelously recorded and preserved by science, will continue to delight generations to come.

While waiting for these new Caruso records, it is interesting to know that among the new Red Seal Records is the beautiful *Willow Song* from Verdi's "Otello," as sung by the ever amazing Melba. While songs in the English language do not appeal as much to the musical ear as French, Italian or even German, we must confess that the other Melba song, *Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms*, and also the two English songs rendered by Mme. Gadski, *How Much I Love You* and *The Year's at the Spring*, are certainly worthy to be in every Victor library.

Nothing can be added to what has been said already regarding Mischa Elman, as since the days of Sarasate no violinist has appealed to the public as much. Three new records by this accomplished virtuoso are giving his admirers delight. These records are: *The Swing Song* by Barns; *Gavotte* by Grossec, and *German Dance* by Dittersdorf.

Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

An Inquisitive Girl.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures of Mabel Barrison, and what are the prices of these numbers? A.—Portraits of Mabel Barrison in "The Blue Mouse" appeared in our January, 1909, number and in "The Flower of the Ranch" in June, 1908; 1909 numbers are 35 cents; 1908 numbers, 25 cents.

F. S. I.—Q.—Did Cyril Scott play in the New York production of "A Chinese Honeymoon?" A.—No, he did not.

"Subscriber."—Q.—Have you published pictures of Frederick Stantley? A.—No. Q.—Of Fred Eric? A.—In April, 1908.

H. G., Washington.—Q.—Kindly give a sketch of Walter Hampden's life. A.—Mr. Hampden is an American, but made his reputation in England. He first appeared on the stage with a Shakespearian company at Brighton, England, in 1901. Later he went to London and was seen at the Adelphi with Oscar Asche, Lily Brayton and H. B. Irving. In the fall of 1907 Mr. Hampden came to New York in support of Madame Nazimova. Next he was seen with Viola Allen in "Irene Wycherly," and more recently he created the title rôle in "The Servant in the House."

G. A. E.—Q.—When did you publish pictures of William Collier in "Caught in the Rain"? A.—In February, 1907.

B. C. K., Omaha.—Q.—Did Ruth Maycliffe ever appear with the Woodward Stock Company of Omaha, Neb.? A.—It was in the company you name that Ruth Maycliffe made her stage début in 1906.

J. G. E., Cleveland.—Q.—Will Laura Nelson Hall play in Cleveland this season? A.—It is not likely. She is at present appearing in "The Easiest Way" at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York.

F. Kahn, San Francisco.—Q.—Can you give me a list of all the plays in which E. H. Sothern has appeared? A.—Herewith is a list of the stage appearances of E. H. Sothern: In "Sam" (1879), playing a small part in support of his father—first appearance on any stage—then a member of the Boston Museum Stock Company. For a season he played small parts with John McCullough, and in 1882 went to England, where he appeared with his brother, Lytton Sothern. In 1883 he reappeared in support of John McCullough, was next seen in "The Fatal Letter," then starred in "Whose are They?" written by himself. In 1884 he appeared in "Nita's First," following which he was seen in "Favette," and after that in repertoire with Helen Dauvray for two years. In May, 1887, he opened at the Lyceum Theatre in "The Highest Bidder"; in 1888, "Editha's Burglar"; 1890, "Lord Chumley"; 1891, "The Maister of Woodbarrow"; 1892, "The Dancing Girl"; 1893, "Captain Lettarblair"; 1894, "Sheridan"; 1895, "The Victoria Cross" and "The Way to Win a Woman"; 1896, "The Prisoner of Zenda"; 1897, "An Enemy to the King"; 1898, "'Change Alley," "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula"; 1899, "A Colonial Girl" and "The King's Musketeers"; 1900, "The Song of the Sword" and "The Sunken Bell"; 1901, "Hamlet"; 1902, "Richard Lovelace" and "If I Were King"; 1903, "Hamlet" and "If I Were King"; 1904, "The Proud Prince." From 1905 to 1907 Mr. Sothern starred with Julia Marlowe, jointly, presenting their repertoire. In 1908 he was seen in a revival of "Our American Cousin," "Don Quixote" and "The Fool Hath Said There Is No God." In 1909 he added "Richelieu" to his repertoire.

C. D. L., Washington, D. C.—Q.—Kindly publish a photograph of Sophie Brandt in "A Waltz Dream." A.—Scenes from "A Waltz Dream" with Miss Brandt in the pictures appeared in our March, 1908, number.

G. E. K.—Q.—Has Henry Miller at any time appeared in "The Prisoner of Zenda"? A.—Not that we are aware.

B. Foster, Conn.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Edmund Elton? A.—No.

"Cecil."—Q.—Have you published scenes from "The Thief"? A.—Yes. In our October and November, 1907, numbers. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Kyrle Bellew? A.—In September, 1907, appeared a portrait of Mr. Bellew.

L. W., Delphos, O.—Q.—Have you published a portrait of Mildred Holland? A.—Yes in April, 1909.

S. K. S., New York.—Q.—Kindly give me some information of the life of Bertha Galland. A.—Miss Galland was born in Wilkesbarre. She made her stage début in 1898 as Lady Macbeth at the head of her own company. The next year she became leading woman to Joseph Haworth in Shakespearian repertoire. It was in "The Pride of Jennico" in support of James K. Hackett that Miss Galland made her New York stage début. In 1901-2 she appeared in "The Forest Lovers" and "The Love Match." In 1903 she was seen in "Notre Dame," and in 1905 "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," also in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." She is now appearing in "The Return of Eve."

A Western Subscriber.—Q.—Have you published portraits of Frederick Lewis or Frank Gilmore? A.—Mr. Lewis in April, 1903, and Mr. Gilmore in June, 1907. Q.—Have you recently used a portrait of Julia Marlowe for a cover? A.—Miss Marlowe's portrait as Yvette in "The Goddess of Reason" appeared in colors on our April, 1909, cover.

A. Z., California.—Q.—Give a short sketch of Maude Adams' life. A.—See article which appeared in our April, 1909, number, and an interview with Miss Adams which appeared in our September, 1903, number. A biography is published by Meyer Brothers, 26 West 33d street.

"A Constant Reader."—Q.—Where and when was Guy Standing born? A.—Mr. Standing, who is the son of Herbert Standing, was born in England. The date we do not know. Q.—To whom is he married? A.—We do not answer questions of this nature.

A Faithful Reader.—Q.—Kindly give me a sketch of the career of DeWolf Hopper. A.—On November 4, 1878, at New Haven, Conn., DeWolf Hopper made his stage début as a member of the Criterion Comedy Company. In 1879 he appeared for the first time on the New York stage in "Our Daughter" at Haverly's Theatre. The next few years he was seen with Ada Gilman, Edward Harrigan and the Madison Square Theatre Company, shortly afterwards becoming a star. Some of the operas in which he made great hits are "Castles in the Air," "Wang," "Panjandrum," "Dr. Syntax," "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan." In 1900 he became a member of Weber & Fields' company, where he remained two years, after which he again headed his own company, reviving "Wang" in 1904. In 1905 he appeared in "Happyland," and is at present playing in "The Pied Piper."

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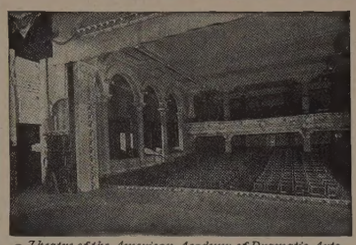

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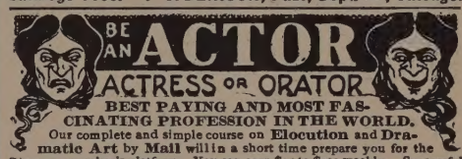

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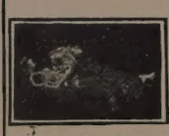

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VOL. IX. MAY, 1909 No. 99

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Joseph .....William Harris	Julie De Mortemar.....Gladys Hanson
Huguet .....John Taylor	Marion De Lorme....Virginia Hammond

It was Edmund Burke who declared that youth was not a crime. There are occasions, however, when it may be regarded as such, especially where dramatic art is concerned. Mr. E. H. Sothern supplies a case in point. An efficient and agreeable comedian, he has numerous successes to his credit in that line of endeavor. He has advanced his art still further, and by conscientious study and hard work has given to the public several Shakespearian portraits of noble proportions and poetic grace and significance. But if it is not within his powers to hide the earmarks of youth, voice, gesture and carriage, he should not assume rôles of which Cardinal Richelieu is a potent exemplar. Mr. Sothern has lately added Bulwer Lytton's prelate to his repertoire, and has been presenting it to sympathetic audiences at Daly's. It is not a convincing performance. It is carefully thought out, but it is highly monotonous. There is not enough contrast in the wily old fox, whose moments of collapse were constantly followed by flashes of that dominant vigor which made him such an inspiring figure at Rochelle. It is a labored effort, so carefully composed that it lacks spontaneity. The voice is one of vigorous youth, the walk in the earlier scenes is not unlike that which the star affects as Malvolio, there is little simulation of inherent physical weakness and approaching decline, it is robust manhood strutting beneath the whitened locks of age. The "make-up" is admirable, but where, oh where is the sweeping swirl and dash of romantic fervor so needed in theatrical dramas of this type? The speech "I have recreated France" has no crescendo; in "The lexicon of youth" outburst there is a feeble climax; the famous curse is but mildly effective. If opportunities such as these are to go for so little, why play the part?

From *Le Théâtre*,
ANDRÉ MESSAGER
Well-known French composer and author of "Veronique," who may come to New York next season to conduct grand opera at the Manhattan

The production is a beautiful one; rich, sumptuous, and in admirable taste. The costumes are equally valuable, but the supporting company's work only goes to show that the breed of players needed for drama of this kind is fading rapidly away, if not altogether extinct. There was some fire to Gladys Hanson's Julie De Mortemar; passing dignity to Sydney Mather's King Louis, and something of the traditional to William Harris' Joseph. But of the rest let it be recorded that the De Mauprat was deficient in romantic verve; the Baradas a stolid block of villainy; the Huguet, a spy that might frighten babes, and a François that evoked laughter. "Richelieu" may be old-fashioned, but it is still an effective drama. However, bricks are not made without straw, and a few real players are needed if its performance is to be made at all effective.

HERALD SQUARE. "The Return of Eve." Fantasy in three acts by Lee Wilson Dodd. Produced March 17th with this cast:

Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy..Maude T. Gordon	Mrs. Eckles.....Lenore Halstead
Clarice Tupper-Bellamy.....F. Campbell	Miss Payn.....Nora Donar
Mrs. Conybear.....Kate Rolla	Mrs. Stuyvesant Rollins....Kara Killiani
Eve .....Miss Galland	Mrs. Podby-Smith.....Ruth Simmons
Trixy Shelvin.....Eleanor Lawson	Mr. Raymond.....Dodson Mitchell
Seymour Purchwell.....Lester Lonergan	Cutting .....Willis Martin
Old Winters.....Frank Losee	Edlington .....Edward Warner
Adam .....Richard Buhler	Second Butler.....Hugh Smith
Fifth Butler.....Patrick Wallace	

Two children, boy and girl, adopted by a wealthy philosopher, who, we must infer, had decided views on the educational value of the simple life, have been entrusted to a man of wisdom to be reared in ignorance of the vanities and sophistication of civilization, which we all know is one of the failures of mankind. They live the idyllic life on a vast wooded estate remote from contact with man. This estate is called Eden. The boy is Adam, the girl is Eve. Their tutor is Old Winters —and he looks it. The time now comes when they must return to usages of conventional society. It had been so directed by the wealthy benefactor now dead, who had left the children a vast fortune. The girl is installed with her aunt, a city woman of fashion, but with diminishing means, to sustain her social position. Adam and Old Winters return to the forest, but Eve remains, pleased with her new experiences. With her youth, beauty and wealth, she is soon surrounded by suitors. One of them she likes, but eventually discovers that he is throwing over a woman who loves him, and to whom he was engaged before her advent. She finds him sordid. It is plain to her that he is in pursuit of her money. Indeed, all this particular part of the world is incapable of sincerity of any kind. She returns to Eden. She is welcomed home. Adam has been very unhappy in her absence, and confides to Old Winters that he is

unhappier still now that his companion has come back. He is afraid of his love for her. Old Winters holds the key to the situation, and unlocks the secret that Eve is not the sister of Adam. This is an occasion in which a conclusion may be jumped at. Adam was pleased with the information. In the meanwhile Eve discovers the truth; and at the conclusion Old Winters advises them to go forth in the world and labor, side by side, among the poor. This is a very good ending, mainly because there had to be an ending to the play.

The fantastic, idyllic idea of the play is a good one. The young author, Lee Wilson Dodd, assuredly has capacity for dramatic work. He will have learned something by his experience with this play. He will have learned that one must make haste slowly in the writing of a play, that he must learn to weigh everything in his play that is ponderable, and that in his forecast of the production he must take no chances. With the right experience he would have foreseen that the second act was artificial, padded, and not worked out in detail. An excellent actor was wholly miscast in the society man whose suit Eve was inclined to favor. He was too old, absolutely without any of the assumed fervor of love which might have misled her for a while. In short, he was not at all the type required by the very postulate of the action, which was that he should represent the flower in society of artificial civilization. Miss Bertha Galland was charming in the simplicity of her curiosity about the customs of society, her wonderment at the falsities of city life, and in her comments on the individuals she encounters. She plays with a fantastic idea, and as such it can only be played with, consequently a certain affectation, but within bounds, was as pleasing as it was artistic. She has filled her acting of the part with very clever business at every possible opportunity. She scorns corsets and kicks off her high-heeled slippers. Miss Galland's Eve is a new kind of unconventional hoyden. The second act of the play needs to be rewritten.

LIBERTY. "A Fool There Was." Play in three acts by Porter Emerson Browne. Produced March 24th with this cast:

The Husband.....Mr. Hilliard
The Wife.....Nannette Comstock
The Child.....Emily Wurster
The Ship's Doctor.....R. J. Barker
The Deck Steward.....Fred Nicolls
The First Passenger.....Arthur Row
The Sister.....Edna Conroy
The Friend.....William Courtleigh
The Secretary.....S. K. Walker
The Butler.....George Clare
The Ship's Captain.....Edwin Barbour
The Second Passenger.....C. Coleman
The Messenger.....R. L. Johnson
Young Parmalee.....Howard Hull
The Woman.....Katherine Kaelred
The Voice.....George Spelvin

In real life there is nothing more terrible than the infatuation of a man for a woman, whereby he loses a sense of all proportion of things in life, becomes false to God, himself and to society, is abandoned by those who are nearest to him by the holiest ties, is scorned by his friends, degenerates into utter unfitness for all employment, is ruined in every direction, falling from honor and prosperity to degradation, a physical, mental and moral wreck. To write a drama involving these actualities of life requires no mean powers of skill, knowledge of humanity and sympathetic vision. Without discrediting the very effective work of the author of this play, we would unhesitatingly say that the real play of the kind would be a more difficult task than the writing of a play in which the woman in the case is a vampire of fiction. Of course, the form to which this play belongs is permissible, but the vampire is an abstraction, in a way an impossible character. That she should visit the wrecked home of the man, himself her victim to the extreme of the actualities in life, and should gloat over her control of him, and take pleasure in having him yield to her when she demands that he kiss her, is impressive and true only as to the facts concerning the debased character of the man. She is impossible. The man is possible, for he is the same fool that has lived and died every year since the foundation of the world. In so far as is concerned the lesson of the play, it contains power and truth. That the play owes much to stage management and to some very intelligent and forceful acting is very plain. Necessarily a play is brought to perfection in the process of production; it is not finished until acted. No intelligent actor would venture, as his own matter, to appear in a play that was utterly somber and without relief.

If the play had been produced without its first act it would have faced failure. The husband is shown, prosperous and happy, at his home with his family. He is fond of his child, a little daughter. His playing with the child is delightfully done. There is no dark shadow of the future. He is called away on some diplomatic

Mabel Roebuck J. E. Dodson Ruth Chester

Act I. Sir John Cotswold: "Why do women cry?"

SCENE IN J. HARTLEY MANNER'S PLAY "THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR" AT THE GAIETY

mission to Europe. The second act opens on the deck of the steamer as she is about to depart. Here appears the effectiveness of Mr. Frederick Thompson's stage management. The scene is filled with detail. Here we get acquainted with the vampire, Miss Kaelred, who plays the part, and who arrested full attention from the first moment of her appearance. The theatric touch of her dress was helpful, but the symbolic reality of her presence, with deep, dark cold eyes, as a composite of all the evil women of her kind, with a relentlessness that was felt beyond the power of analysis, and with powers of fascination, was instantly impressive. As the steamer is about to pull out a young man shoots himself. His body is removed and the blood stains washed up. When the vampire returns to the deck she makes some careless inquiry about the commotion and orders her steamer chair to be placed on the spot, and there she reclines, with roses in her lap, indifferent to the ruin and death of her victim, for such he was. There had been three others. The husband sees her and becomes fascinated on sight, although he knows the history of the other victims. He returns home, and then follows his utter ruin and the gruesome incidents of his complete collapse. He will not listen to the pleading or the threats of his best friend. He has been deserted by his family, and is alone in the house. His friend abuses him and strikes him, without bringing him to reason. He is so fallen, so haggard and so hateful to himself, that he has broken all the mirrors in the house so that he cannot see his own face. It is then that the vampire visits him. He dies, after having kissed her at her command, attempting at the same time to throttle her.

Robert Hilliard plays the part with force, and demonstrates that he commands the resources of his art. If the play were entirely gloomy it would be unbearable, but the contrast of the manliness of the husband's friend, the original purity of the atmosphere of the home, and the breeziness of Mr. William Courtleigh's comedy and love affair, and other conditions of sanity furnish sufficient entertainment to allay the bitterness of the folly and worthlessness of the husband. Otherwise the play would be unbearably morbid, and could hardly be recommended as delectable theatrical entertainment.

Otto Sarony Co.

EDITH DECKER
As Consuelo in "Havana" at the Casino

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "The Bachelor." Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced March 15th with this cast:

George Goodale.....Charles Cherry
Edward Kirby.....Richard Sterling
Billy Rendell.....Ralph Morgan
Jacob (Office Boy).....Charles Laite
Millicent Rendell, "Jenny"..Ruth Maycliffe
Mrs. Rendell.....Christine Blessing
Hilda Flint.....Janet Beecher

The plot of Clyde Fitch's play, "The Bachelor," may be given in a few words. A confirmed bachelor, who has all the arguments against matrimony at his fingers' ends, and uses them in a discussion with a friend of his who is about to marry, has been paying attention to his stenographer, having taken her to the theatre once or twice. He is really in love with her, but does not know it. The girl is deeply in love with him. Her brother, a lad, thinks it is a manly thing for him to remonstrate with his sister's employer for compromising her. It develops that the family is a distinguished one, concealing their right name in their battle in reduced circumstances. When the bachelor hears that she is a daughter of a distinguished California jurist, who left his family in poverty, he seriously considers the girl's love for him, and discovers that he is in love with her. He visits the girl's home that evening as her accepted lover. Her brother, in the meanwhile, has told her about his part in bringing about the match. On the arrival of the bachelor she breaks off the engagement, but he insists that he has a contract with her, and that she must appear at his office the next morning as his stenographer. In this last act there is a reconciliation, and he fully and finally throws overboard his theories and arguments against matrimony. This substantially is the story. It may seem slight and without substance. If told in every detail it would still seem slight. If witnessed you would call it slight, but you would find it vastly entertaining. Mr. Fitch is a master of detail, and in his detail truth is to be found. His observation of life is absolutely accurate. The larger truths of life do not seem to concern him seriously, but in what he does, and in the way he does it, he is masterful. Slight as some of his plays may be they are free from indelicacy. He has reached the maturity of his technical skill. Technique does not explain his success fully, but it is indispensable to such uninterrupted success. What would be nothing in the hands of some dramatists he makes into something. He gives us a character with a few strokes, always vital, and never an unbidden guest in the action. Undoubtedly the selection by himself of the players has much to do with the uniformity of his success, and it may be noted that this is a matter of detail. He has discovered, and occasionally carried it too far, the law that playwriting is largely a question of detail. This law, naturally enough, is

MARGUERITE CLARK AND CHORUS IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

realized by actors and producers, but not by all dramatists. Even should "The Bachelor" be deemed slight, one would have to recognize the impression created by the Swedish servant girl visualized and vitalized, and all but acted, by Mr. Fitch. The impersonation of this simple creature, innocently ignorant of social propriety, overflowing with interest in the family affairs, buxom, droll in her English speech with the flavor of the Swedish, is delightfully acted by Miss Janet Beecher. With this example before us, it would be entirely untrue to say that Mr. Fitch's characters are slight. His technical methods are most interesting. Mr. Cherry as the Bachelor, is entirely equal to his opportunities.

WALLACK'S. "SHAM." Comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris. Produced March 27th with this cast:

Katherine Van Riper.....Miss Crosman
Clemintina Vicars.....Ida Waterman
Mrs. Fordyce-Brown.....Marguerite St. John
Mrs. Merrington.....Amelia Mayborn
James Fordyce-Brown.....Charles Walcot
Maud Buck.....Bernice Golden
Rosey.....Gertrude Clemens
Miss Leroy.....Augusta B. Scott
Tom Jaffray.....Paul Dickey
J. Montague Buck.....Homer Miles
Jeremiah Buck.....Frank E. Jamison
Jacques d'Eauville.....Edouard Durand
A Waiter.....Jack Mahony

It is getting to be a theatrical axiom with many of our modern playwrights that all the virtues come from the West, California preferred, while greed, cant, corruption and immorality are features peculiarly pertinent to the East, New York in particular. Contrast is of ineffable value to the dramatist; but it should not be used too violently, as all effect is marred where the colors are laid on with too liberal a hand. This is one of the minor defects of "Sham," the new comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris, which brings Henrietta Crosman once more into the glare of metropolitan footlights. It is not an entirely new theme which these two authors have elected to expatiate upon, but they have treated with no little discerning insight and satirical but truthful force a phase of life aptly applicable to these days.

By force of circumstances, Katherine Van Riper, of old Knickerbocker stock, reared in the lap of luxury, is compelled to keep up her social status by petty graft and the hundred and one little ways of politely but vicariously raising the wind. Her aunts would have her marry for money, but she becomes interested elsewhere, and in the struggle which follows, her better nature asserts itself, and she resolves to work out her heart's salvation at the expense of her position in society. The story is well told, the characters are deftly drawn, and the interest well sustained to the final curtain. There is vigor and humor in the dialogue, and a nice familiarity with the polite usages gives truthful snap and firm irony to many of the scenes. Miss Crosman is well placed; but Miss Crosman is an actress and does not have to be fitted for a rôle. She plays Katherine with the authority and resourcefulness of which she is so capable. It is a delightful creation instinct with feeling, humor in its best sense, and emotional strength. Her worldly aunts are capitally played by Ida Waterman and Marguerite St. John, and the mellow and agreeable art of the veteran, Charles Walcot, finds a happy expression in the rôle of James Fordyce-Brown. Paul Dickey and Homer Miles as the rivals in love contribute to a nicely balanced rendering of a sane, clean and agreeable comedy of modern life.

MARGUERITE CLARK
In "The Beauty Spot" at the Herald Square Theatre

CRITERION. "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME." Play in three acts by Major Guy du Maurier. Produced March 22 with this cast:

Mr. Brown.....William Hawtrey
Reggie Brown.....Edgar Norton
Syd Brown.....Master Geo. Clarke
Geoffrey Smith.....George M. Graham
Paul Robinson.....Dallas Anderson
Maggie Brown.....Nellie Thorne

Amy Brown.....Nellie Malcolm
Ada Jones.....Dorothy Fraleigh
Captain Finch.....Ernest Stallard
Captain Lindsay.....Lawrence Grant
Lieut. Jackson.....Thomas Mills
Colour Sergeant Harris.....Frank Shannon
Prince Yoland.....J. H. Benrimo
Lieut. Rian Hobart.....Adolph Neuendorff
Sergeant Thol.....Joseph Adelman
Sergeant Garth.....Otto Meyer
Doctor .....F. Percival Stevens
An Officer.....Algernon Eden
Telephone Orderly.....Edmund Morris

It is possible from an American point of view to appreciate and understand the dull triteness and snug complacency of a middle-class Englishman's home, such as is presented in Major du Maurier's new play at the Criterion. From a theatrical viewpoint, however, it is difficult to tolerate it. The mirror held up to the nature of commonplace humanity may be perfectly truthful, but it is certainly calculated to bore. This is what the Major does. The fidelity of his revelation is so accurate that it grates upon the nerves. It is tiresome, a fault which might have been overcome had the author's technic been more authoritative, and his capacity for drawing stupidity in a more alluring fashion more competent. In the second act the interest rapidly increases, and it is easy to see why "An Englishman's Home" has had the tremendous success it has achieved in King Edward's kingdom. It brings home the question of unpreparedness for invasion, the incompetency of the volunteers and other kindred subjects with such bitter irony and mordant humor, that it is not surprising that England's patriotic spirit was stirred to such a point that the enlistment stations were besieged and additional Dreadnoughts authorized. The third act is a tragic bit of detail. Mr. Brown, the suburban Britisher, disgusted at the apparent cowardice of the King's soldiers, who retire and leave his home undefended from the approach of the enemy, decides with that stolid pertinacity of the John Bull to defend it alone. Of course, he is overcome, but as he has shot one of the enemy while not in uniform, he is led forth to execution. The finish is trivial — a rescuing party arrives and the invading force is overcome; an incident which completely destroys the dramatic significance of the old man's death. "An Englishman's Home" is not a play. It is a succession of episodes, some futilely amateurish, others remarkably powerful. Its reception here has been mixed. But it is safe to say that it will never repeat here the success it has achieved in England. The production is entirely adequate, and the mechanical features of the bombardment graphically faithful. The company, too, is admirable throughout. William Hawtrey gives a sterling and sound interpretation of Mr. Brown. It is instinct with natural dignity and simple heroism. George M. Graham is brisk and vivacious as the thoughtless clerk who regards war as a "jolly lark," and pays his life as a forfeit, while Dallas Anderson is impressively sincere as the militiaman who takes his work seriously. As the fussy and incompetent Captain of Yeomanry, Ernest Stallard is genuinely amusing. J. H. Benrimo is an imposing figure as Prince Yoland of the invading forces, and a nice bit of sentiment is supplied by Nellie Thorne as Brown's daughter. Other capable personations of character are presented by Edgar Norton, Master Geo. Clarke, Nellie Malcolm, Dorothy Fraleigh and Frank Shannon.

(*Continued on page viii*)

ESCAMILO FERNANDEZ AND CROSBY LITTLE
Executing the original Mexican dance in "Going Some" at the Belasco

THE START OF THE RACE IN THE LAST ACT OF PAUL ARMSTRONG AND REX BEACH'S COMEDY "GOING SOME" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

A Brilliant Career Closes for Helena Modjeska

THE career of Helena Modjeska, who died on April 8th last, at her home in Los Angeles, forms one of the interesting personal histories of our stage. She was a woman of lovely character and fine intellect, with political and artistic convictions. She did not come from the Polish stage heralded in advance, but was revealed to us by accident, when she appeared in San Francisco after the failure of her colony of literary and artistic spirits which she had established in California. Her recognition was immediate, and for a period of about twenty years she was among the foremost in her profession during a time remarkable for the brilliant personality of its actors. Her artistic influence on our stage was marked. While in the latter years of her career she appeared in plays by Ibsen and Sudermann, her training had been in the old school; but this thorough training had not left her conventional. Her work was distinctive. Her interpretations were her own. In such old plays as "Camille" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" she was different from all the great actresses from abroad who appeared in those plays. Her Rosalind will not soon be forgotten. Capable of fervor, her charm was in her delicacy and in means of expression peculiar to her.

HELENA MODJESKA AT HER PRIME
From a photograph given to the publishers in 1894

Helena Modjeska was born in Cracow, Poland, in 1844. Her father, a poor merchant named Opido, could not afford to give his children much schooling, but at an early age his daughter's imagination was fired by the performances of classic and dramatic plays, which she saw at the local theatre. When she was sixteen years old she was married against her wishes to her guardian, Modrejewski. This name, modified and rendered more euphonious, she used throughout her stage career. Of this loveless marriage was born one son, Ralph, who has long been an American citizen.

Modrejewski organized a traveling company and, with his young wife at its head, gave performances in small towns until the tour was brought suddenly to an end by Modrejewski's death. His widow continued with her career. In 1862 she appeared at the government theatre in Lemberg, and later managed a small provincial theatre herself, acting all the leading parts. The following season she was engaged to play at the State Theatre in Cracow, where her reputation grew rapidly. In 1866, while acting in Posen, she met Count Charles Bozenta, a young journalist, whom she married, and three years later she reached the summit of her ambition by being engaged as leading actress at the Imperial Theatre in Warsaw, where she played nearly all the heroines of the classic and modern drama. It was about this time that the too outspoken utterances of the actress and her husband regarding the actions of the Russian Government made both unpopular with the Czar's officials, and in 1876 Modjeska and her husband emigrated to America, proceeding at once out to California, where they purchased a small ranch in Los Angeles. Modjeska made a serious study of the English language with a view to acting on the American stage, and appeared in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" in San Francisco. On December 22, 1877, she made her first appearance in New York at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the same rôle, receiving instant recognition. During this engagement she was seen also as Marguerite Gautier in "Camille," and Gilberte in "Frou-Frou." At the Lester Wallack testimonial at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1888 she played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, and this led to the Booth-Modjeska combination under the management of Lawrence Barrett. The actress' last appearance on the New York stage was on May 2, 1905, at a benefit given for her at the Metropolitan Opera House, when she appeared in scenes from "Macbeth" and "Marie Stuart."

As Adrienne — Sarony — As Portia — Marceau — As Marie Stuart — Sarony — As Ophelia — Chickering — As Lady Macbeth

MME. MODJESKA IN SOME OF HER MOST IMPORTANT AND SUCCESSFUL ROLES

Photo Bert, Paris

AMUSING PARODY ON HUMAN LIFE ACTED BY CHIMPANZEES WHICH ALL PARIS IS RUNNING TO SEE AT THE OLYMPIA
The two principal characters are played by real chimpanzees, the remainder of the cast being "chimpanzied boys"

New Successes on the Paris Stage

THE Paris stage just now is brimming over with tremendous successes, the most important of which perhaps is "Le Scandale," a play by Henry Bataille, best known to American theatregoers by his skilful dramatization of Tolstoi's novel "Resurrection." "Le Scandale," which Charles Frohman immediately secured for America, was produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance during the week of April 3d, and is generally hailed as a masterpiece, the French press declaring that it places its author among the great dramatists of our time. The scene is laid at a European watering place, where a motley crowd of cosmopolitan people—card sharps, flashy women, old roués—are beginning to break up at the end of the season. A critic goes on to give this account of the play:

"Charlotte Ferioul meets Artanezzo in the Casino, where the glare of paper lanterns is dying away, although the strumming of the bands is still heard. She has a good and amiable husband, who grinds the Riviera flowers into perfume at Grasse, and is Mayor of his town, and she has two children, to whom she is devoted as only a French mother can be. But Artanezzo has seen her twice and has conquered her. She tells him how he conquered her, and tells it with such a strange charm, such deep naturalness, and such real poetry, that the free confession of a chaste woman leaves haunting thoughts.

"This is the sort of scene which gives the play its genius. Charlotte's confession heard, we know her once for all, and she lives and will ever live differently before us. Artanezzo quickly proves himself a blackguard. He all but asks her for money, and she gives him her diamond ring. Then the scandal is afoot.

"The three remaining acts, after this first, are but the story of a hunted woman pursued by the consequences of her madness of a day. Artanezzo is arrested for a swindler and Charlotte is summoned as a witness. Step by step she is dragged into a squalid double life, although she has long ceased to see the adventurer whom she has loved in her one-day's madness, and, to keep the secret of that one day out of her other, her real, life—her life as wife and mother—is a continual torture.

"But we are not listening to melodrama. We are given—when if it were melodrama we should least expect it—a touch of nature that changes the course of the play. Artanezzo comes, but not to blackmail. He comes generously to give up Charlotte's letters. He has sunk low, but he loves her. If he were wholly black Charlotte's duty would be simple. Now she can neither sacrifice him altogether nor sacrifice one jot of the happiness of her husband and her children. The woman's torment becomes an intense tragedy.

"They cannot forever escape her husband. He finds out at last. Now he will shame his wife before every one and shout out all he knows; but he looks at her and stops. No, he will be silent and live his tragedy, and she lives hers apart.

"In this double torment, the play finds a fresh dramatic impetus. It falls back into a lull, with wonderful poetic moments. Charlotte has gone to Paris to Artanezzo's trial, to save the generous blackguard. Her husband knows why she has gone and pretends to believe the excuse she has invented. When she comes back, shall he take her in or cast her out? What of his own past? thinks Ferioul. Can he, then, condemn his wife?

"She comes back, and he and she, to each other, keep up the pretense that neither knows what has happened. But she breaks down. She looks at him and bursts out, 'You know!' and she falls at his feet. He reproaches her, but as he goes on she says nothing. He looks around at her. While he was reproaching her she has fallen asleep, crushed by all that she has gone through. The children scamper in.

"'Hush! Mother is asleep.' Perhaps that is all, in the long run, that matters, and he lets the mother sleep."

From *Le Théâtre*

FELIX HENRY BATAILLE
Author of "Le Scandale," a new play that has caused a sensation in Paris

Felix Henry Bataille, the author of "Le Scandale," is only thirty-seven years old. He was born at Nîmes in 1872. He studied to be a painter, and in 1894 was editor of *Le Journal des Artistes*. During that same year he wrote his first play "La Belle au Bois Dormant," a spectacular piece with music. Other plays were "Ton Sang," a modern tragedy in four acts; "L'Enchantment," comedy in four acts; "Le Masque," comedy in three acts; "Resurrection," "Madame Collibri," comedy in four acts (1904); "La Marche Nuptiale," piece in four acts (1905); "La Femme Nue" (1907), which was the sensation of the Boulevard a couple of years ago.

"Beethoven," a three-act play in verse by René Fauchois, is another big success, which has been scored by Antoine at the Odéon. The play, which serves to intro-

Scenes in Roy McCardell's Comedy "The Gay Life" at Daly's Theatre

Photos Byron

Lulu (Consuelo Bailey) Dopey McKnight (Thomas Thorne)

Act I. Dopey: "And they would have left me here in Altoona. They can't go without this money"

George (A. S. Byron) Amy (Helen Hancock) Mama de Branscombe (Katherine De Barry)

Act II. Amy: "When you was away all last summer, George, I was true to you. I never drank anything but your wine, no matter who I was with"

duce to the public a new poet of remarkable gifts, is a series of tableaux of incidents in the life of the great composer, and the Beethoven music, which is played all through, is executed by the famous Colonne orchestra. During the action of the piece the orchestra plays fragments of the Second, Fifth, Eighth and Ninth symphonies, and during the interludes the "Léonore" overture to the opera "Fidelio," and the "Coriolanus" and "Egmont" overtures.

"The author has tried and almost succeeded," says *Comoedia*, "in having Beethoven appear as a real, living being, with all his rude tenderness, his generous brutality, his sentimental and almost religious ideal of love, and his proud and morose consciousness. He had endeavored to portray the heroic ascension of a man who, after each fresh blow from fortune, lifts higher his heart and his genius. First we see Beethoven suffering from his unfortunate love affair with the treacherous Giulietta Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated his "Moonlight Sonata," and who left him to marry the Count de Gallenberg, but returned a little later for a money loan. Then the great composer is seen gradually losing his hearing—that slow and tragic deafness of which Beethoven himself has spoken in terms the power and pathos of which have never been surpassed. The drama, indeed, evolves around this tragedy in the great composer's life — the great musician gradually becoming incapable of hearing a sound, separated forever from the wonderful world he himself had created. We hear Beethoven explain pathetically how during a concert he was directing he suddenly ceased hearing the instruments. Then while the musicians are rehearsing for the concert of the Archduke, he is seen trying to hear the sounds which no longer enter his ear, and he throws down his baton with a gesture of despair. Fifteen years later comes the death scene—after suffering which should have been spared him—money embarrassments, criminal ingratitude of a nephew whom he cherished as a son, desertion. Just as powerfully as the author has depicted his deafness, so he shows the death scene, and in a sort of allegory—which might have been ridiculous, but which the author has made touching — he has evoked round his dying hero his nine immortal daughters—the resurrected choir of the nine Muses, that is to say the animated symphonies which surround and console him in his supreme moment of agony."

M. Fauchois' verse is pleasing to the ear, and there are passages of great power and beauty. The poet reminds one alternately of Alfred de Musset and Victor Hugo. For instance, Bettina Brentano arrives to offer to the composer the homage of Goethe.

Comoedia Illustré

M. DESJARDINS AS BEETHOVEN

BEETHOVEN
D'où viens-tu?...
BETTINA BRENTANO
Rien...corps sans âme....atome,
Parcelle d'infini sans forme et sans arome:
Voilà ce que j'étais avant d'ouïr tes sons!...
Je viens de ta musique aux épiques frissons!
C'est elle qui sculpta mon âme,—et c'est ta fille,
O Beethoven, en moi, cette flamme qui brille;
Et si dans mon regard c'est le tien que tu vois,
Ma parole elle-même est l'écho de ta voix.
BEETHOVEN
Ma voix acquiert en toi quelque vertu suprême:
En passant par ta bouche elle m'émeut moi-même.
BETTINA BRENTANO
J'avais cueilli des fleurs pour en orner tes murs;
Mais les plus beaux œillets et les lis les plus purs
Que sont-ils à côté d'une âme épanouie?
Or, tu fus le soleil de ma vie éblouie;
Et, comme elle te doit son goût et sa couleur,
Elle se tend vers toi, maître, comme une fleur!

Then in these lines, when she delivers Goethe's message, one is reminded forcibly of the sonorous verse of Hugo:

Voici, fidèlement, les paroles de Gœthe:
"L'homme, troupeau hagard que harcèle la meute
Des besoins, des désirs, et des ambitions
A travers ces forêts qu'on nomme nations,
Se rue, hurlant sa peur ou gambadant sa joie.
La Vie est le chasseur terrible, il est la Proie,
Par les ronces mordu, par la boue avili,
Jusqu'à l'inéluctable et lugubre hallali!
Seul, loin des halliers noirs qu'emplit le sombre drame
De l'éternel chassé qui bondit et qui brame
Beethoven a trouvé la clairière où ne luit
Nulle griffe, l'abri que n'insulte aucun bruit.
Là, sur une hauteur, terrible et solitaire,
Sa volonté commande au monde de se taire
Et pour un avenir que, seul, son œil vainqueur
Découvre, il rebâtit le monde dans son cœur!
Personne encore, hélas! hors de l'ombre où nous sommes
N'approche de cet homme immense entre les hommes.
Des siècles couleront avant qu'un pas humain
Le rejoigne, et, de loin, je lui baise la main!..."

"Solange," the new three-act opera by MM. Salvayre and Aderer, recently produced at the Opéra Comique, is good, old-fashioned comic opera, and the great success the work has met with at a moment when Debussyism and other musical fads are being forced upon the public, points to a wholesome reaction, and shows unmistakably in what direction the sane public really leans. The critics are unanimous in praise of M. Salvayre's score, some going so far as to declare that it is the first real music the Paris stage has heard in some time. The chief aim of the composer, whose work shows no trace of the decadent tendency of modern music, seems to have been simply to please the ear, and in this he has fully succeeded. The military marches and other striking passages of the score, illustrating the revolutionary action of the

(*Continued on page x*)

From *Comoedia Illustré*

THE DEATH OF BEETHOVEN

THE SYMPHONIES APPEAR BEFORE BEETHOVEN

Berta Morena at Home

A WARM handclasp, a charming smile, and Berta Morena, the Metropolitan's distinguished Wagnerian singer, has at once made you feel at your ease, although a few minutes later the prima donna confesses that she dreads interviews.

"Interviewers have made me say dreadful things that really I never said, and never thought of saying."

The singer is tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, but not stout. She is well formed, and an ideal build for the Wagnerian heroic rôles in which New York has heard her. Her features are classic in their regularity; her dark hair, parted in the middle, waves simply back from her forehead; warm brown eyes gaze out frankly from under level brows. There is a bigness, a wholesomeness about her that is delightful, an absolute lack of affectation, a friendliness, which wins from the first. Although much heralded, when she made her New York début last year, she quite came up to expectations, and even surpassed them. These successes have been repeated here this winter, but she comes here only as "guest" from the opera in Munich, where she is under contract for years to come.

Berta Morena is a native of Baden, but removed to Munich when a child, so that she is quite at home there, and even speaks the dialect. English, as yet, she and her pretty sister, Fräulein Ida Morena, with whom she lives, have not learned. The singer had studied but one year with a private teacher in Munich when no less an authority than the great Possart insisted that she must go on the operatic stage, which he declared her voice and talents demanded. After only this one year's training she actually made her début in Munich in the rôle of Agatha in "Der Freischütz."

"It was dreadful to let me go on the stage with so little training," said Fräulein Morena, frankly. "I did not come of a family of singers, and there had never been an opera singer among us. I myself did not know any better. Of course, I studied hard after that début, but I kept on singing."

Although New York knows Morena chiefly as a Wagnerian singer,—the only exception being her one appearance last year, and again this season as Fidelio in Beethoven's opera of that name,—her repertoire includes almost all the rôles for lyric as well as dramatic soprano. Among these may be mentioned Desdemona in "Otello," Aïda in the Verdi opera, Valentine in "The Huguenots," Senta and Elsa among the lighter Wagnerian rôles, the title rôle in "The Jewess," etc.

Asked which were her favorite rôles, she hesitated.

"I might say the rôle I am singing," she replied finally, with her charming smile, "but I think really I prefer Sieglinde. That rôle seems to me so sympathetic, so essentially womanly. Then Elizabeth, oh, and the three rôles of Brünnhilde. I do so want to sing Brünnhilde in New York. I hope that it may be arranged for next season. And I like to sing oftener than is possible here."

Like other German singers, accustomed to frequent performances every week, Fräulein Morena misses the work to which she is accustomed, and which she loves.

It is not easy to persuade the prima donna to talk about herself. She cannot believe that the public would be interested in merely personal details. Through the casual remark of a friend I learned of the warm friendship which existed between the late artist Lenbach and his wife and Berta Morena. Herr Lenbach often painted his attractive countrywoman, once together with his little daughter, and she was a frequent guest at the famous artist's home during his lifetime, as she now is of Frau Lenbach. The charming studios have, she told me, remained quite as during Lenbach's life, and are still to be seen by visitors on certain days.

Fräulein Morena finds New York imposing, with its huge buildings, but confesses that she finds it difficult to become accustomed to the noise. Like all foreigners, too, she marvels at the heat of our houses, and thinks that this condition is trying to singers. She also expressed wonder and admiration for the group of operatic artists and conductors assembled in the one city. In speaking of these she expressed her unbounded admiration for two by name, Signor Caruso and Madame Tetrazzini.

"I went to the Manhattan one evening by chance," said she, "and heard Mme. Tetrazzini. How I admire her! Not only her singing, but her spontaneous and charming personality." E. L.

FRAULEIN BERTA MORENA

The distinguished Wagnerian singer who has won new triumphs at the Metropolitan Opera House during the past season

Holbrook Blinn—an Actor of the Realistic School

WHEN "Salvation Nell" was presented by Mrs. Fiske at the Hackett Theatre last November, one of the men characters in this heart-wringing epic of the slums stood out with startling realism. This was Holbrook Blinn, who played the part of Jim Platt, the degraded and brutalized lover of Nell. It is doubtful if the American stage has ever known a more sinister and life-like characterization of the debased manhood which flourishes in the underworld than this mordant study which Mr. Blinn etched in bold and striking outline.

He has given us the real superman of the slums, a creature with a certain masculine magnetism, but one who at the same time has not a shred of moral principle or the faintest conception of the ideals of decency. Born to a life of grinding poverty and wolfish fight for the bare necessities of existence, his only guide has been appetite, and his code is naturally that of Nietzsche—to take whatever he desires, whether it be an excess of whisky, the scant earnings of poor Nell Sanders, or the life of the fellow loafer who crosses him in his animal domination over Nell. This wonderfully real portrayal definitely places Holbrook Blinn in the front rank of American character actors.

MR. HOLBROOK BLINN
Engaged by Charles Frohman to play the leading male rôle in Henry Bernstein's much discussed drama "Israel"

Like David Belasco, Warfield, Theodore Roberts, and many other luminaries of our stage, Holbrook Blinn was born in California, January 23, 1872. His father, Colonel Charles H. Blinn, a veteran of the Civil War, is at present Special Deputy Surveyor of the port of San Francisco. His mother was Nellie Holbrook, a Shakespearian actress of fine abilities, well known on the Pacific coast twenty-five years ago.

In common with all democratic American boys and girls, he attended the public schools. Among his schoolmates was a little girl with big brown eyes, who was sometimes known to cry when called upon to read the "Death of Little Nell" from McGuffey's Fourth Reader. Her name was Blanche Bates. Later on, when private theatricals began to claim the attention of both of them, they frequently appeared in the same company. As a child of six young Blinn had made his histrionic début, walking on with Frank Mayo in "The Streets of New York." He had his first speaking part at a benefit given to Robert M. Eberle in San Francisco, when he appeared as Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice." Upon graduating from the public school, Blinn attended the new Leland Stanford University, where he founded, owned and edited a clever college magazine, the first number of which was published simultaneously with the opening of the university. An enviable career in journalism was then freely predicted for him, but in his sophomore year he felt himself obliged to leave college to answer the call of the stage.

In 1892, Joseph R. Grismer, whose name is linked with "Way Down East" and many other theatrical enterprises, happened to witness one of the private performances in which Blinn took part. He offered him the part of Corporal Ferry in the original production of "The New South," which was then being put on at Stockwell's Theatre in San Francisco. From there the piece was finally taken to the Broadway Theatre in New York, where it proved one of the hits of the season Mr. Blinn remained with the company for a year and a half, playing various other parts, and during the latter months of his engagement acting as stage manager. Returning to the Pacific Coast, he aroused much public interest, and received commendation for his enterprise in taking the first dramatic company to Alaska. Among the members of this noteworthy little troupe was a young actress of much promise named Ruth Benson, whom Mr. Blinn afterward married. For some seasons past Miss Benson has been leading woman with Miss Grace George. Her acting in "Divorçons" has attracted much attention both in this country and in England.

After his interesting excursion to the Arctic Circle, Holbrook Blinn came back to the more prosaic boards of the old Baldwin Theatre to play Marc Antony with Frederick Warde, during the illness of Louis James. His fine work in this historic rôle led to his engagement in August, 1895, as leading man for Miss Effie Ellsler. Upon leaving Miss Ellsler's company, he appeared for a season with the late Roland Reed.

One of young Blinn's chums in San Francisco during the early days had been Chester Bailey Fernald, a youth with a decided literary bent. He had written a series of Chinese stories for the *Century Magazine* entitled "The Cat and the Cherub," which had received much praise for their appealing freshness and dramatic ingenuity. Upon Blinn's suggestion, he fashioned a play from the central theme of the series, using the same title for the dramatization. With the aid of Oscar Hammerstein, Holbrook Blinn produced the piece in New York in 1897, taking the part of Wing Shee, an old Chinese doctor. "The Cat and the Cherub" turned out to be a remarkable artistic success, but its run was cut short by unfortunate financial embarrassment. However, Mr. Blinn experienced no difficulty in getting William A. Brady to back him for a European engagement, and shortly afterwards he took the little play to London, where it was received with pronounced favor at the Lyric Theatre. This marked the beginning of the actor's career on the English stage, where he has won much honor, being as well known in London as in New York.

When "The Cat and the Cherub" had finally run its course, Mr. Blinn was engaged by Martin Harvey to create the part of De Farge in "The Only Way." The shudderingly real impersonation of artistic villainy which he gave in that famous drama was

accorded approbation second only to that enjoyed by Mr. Harvey. Upon the final withdrawal of "The Only Way," Mr. Blinn was re-engaged by the same management to appear in the massive production of "Don Juan," which proved one of the most spectacular failures of recent years, owing to its pro-Catholic sentiment, which did not meet with the endorsement of British approval.

Some time before this, Mr. Blinn had become acquainted with Captain Basil Hood of the British Army, a gentleman who was obviously more interested in the art of the theatre than in the science of warfare, for he had already gained a wide reputation as a writer of popular musical comedies. The actor finally succeeded in persuading him to try his hand at a more legitimate form of playwriting, with the result that after his contract with Martin Harvey had expired, Mr. Blinn produced two of Captain Hood's plays,—"Ib and Little Christiana," a beautiful miniature fantasy, as remarkable in its own way as "Peter Pan," and a longer drama with a Western setting entitled "The Great Silence," in which Mr. Blinn took the part of the Indian, Rain-in-the-Face.

Byron HOLBROOK BLINN AS JIM IN "SALVATION NELL"

Returning to America the following season under the direction of Charles Frohman, Mr. Blinn offered "Ib and Little Christiana" at the Madison Square Theatre, where his work aroused the enthusiasm of the most blasé playgoers. Together with Maurice Barrymore, he was then engaged to support Marie Burroughs in the dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel "The Battle of the Strong." But the venture proved unsuccessful and never even reached Broadway. The season which had begun so unpropitiously he finished as Lord Carnal, the insidious and formidable villain of "To Have and to Hold." Back in London again the same year, Mr. Blinn appeared in "Sweet and Twenty," a light comedy, as the melancholy Jacques in a widely-advertised revival of "As You Like It," and as Marley's Ghost in the famous production of "Scrooge," founded on Dickens' "Christmas Carol." This piece was put on not long after King Edward VII ascended the throne, and was performed at the royal command, on which occasion Mr. Blinn spent the night at Sandringham, the King's country residence, and was the first American actor to be presented to the newly-crowned monarch.

After "Scrooge," Mr. Blinn played a special engagement with Olga Nethersole in "Sappho," leaving at length to create the part of Napoleon in "The Duchess of Dantzic," written around Sardou's "Mme. Sans Gêne," which soon gained an international reputation. Though appearing in the midst of the most frivolous company, and constantly entangled in arrantly farcical complications, Napoleon was supposed to maintain all of the historic personal dignity with which the character of the man of destiny is invested. Holbrook Blinn's treatment of this difficult rôle was masterful.

Mr. Blinn's next important part was that of Jack Marbury, the gambler, in "Salomy Jane," which opened at the Liberty Theatre in January, 1907. Marbury was founded upon Bret Harte's well-known character of Jack Hamlin, and the representation which Mr. Blinn gave of the polished and cynical genius of the card-table will linger in the memories of those who witnessed the performance.

At the end of the New York run of "Salomy Jane," Mr. Blinn left the cast to take the part of the Mayor in "The Man of the Hour," at the Savoy Theatre. Then leaving this prepossessing young reformer well started on his enviable career, he quietly withdrew to join Arnold Daly in his effort to make popular the "drama of ideas" at the Berkeley Theatre. And it was after spending a season of interesting experiment there that he finally loomed up on our dramatic horizon as the brutalized and menacing figure of Jim Platt.

In personal appearance Holbrook Blinn is of medium height, but thick-set and muscular, with a square jaw, firm mouth and keen, well-spaced eyes that denote vitality and staying power. The forehead and head are of the type which phrenologists term "in balance," all-round intelligence being bespoken by their clear-cut outlines. The hands are rather broad, with strong, thick fingers and square nails, more after the executive than the traditionally artistic mold.

Mr. Blinn is a thorough student of both men and books, and between appearances at the theatre he can usually be found deeply absorbed in some such work as Mark Twain's life of Joan of Arc, or the latest thing in popular philosophy. He believes that in literature and art that alone serves which is true, thus endorsing the sentiments voiced by Clarence Darrow in one of his most eloquent essays: "The great authors of the natural school—Tolstoi, Hardy, Howells, Daubert, Ibsen, Flaubert, Zola, and their kind, have made us think and live. Their words have burnished up our minds and revealed a thousand pictures that hang upon the walls of memory, covered with the dust of years, and hidden from our sight. Sometimes, of course, we cry with pain at the picture that is thrown before our view, but life consists of emotions, and we cannot truly live unless the depths are stirred."

CHAS. W. BARRELL.

In "The Cat and the Cherub"

Mr. Blinn as Napoleon

In "Salomy Jane"

Past Glories of the Academy of Music

NEXT season the glories of Italian opera are once more to be revived within the historic walls of the old Academy of Music, this city. The last attempt of this kind was made by Col. Mapleson in 1896. Since then the house has been devoted to performances at popular prices of the current dramatic attractions.

Of all the numerous playhouses to be found in New York, none approach the Academy of Music in atmosphere, or make appeal to the imagination in the same manner. One of the few remaining theatres of respectable antiquity in the town, it is a connecting link with the social history of the past half century, and it stands to-day even in its decadence as a resort for the fashionable element—stately, dignified, impressive. The building in its isolation remains an eloquent reminder of the past glories of old New York. In a country and society as lacking in richness and social tradition, and in a certain picturesqueness of background, as is that of America, and where the rapid march of progress ruthlessly destroys buildings of the past generation to give place to the ubiquitous sky-scraper, one can but feel grateful that this relic of the early days of opera in America has been spared. As one passes from the flaring vulgarity of Fourteenth St. into the narrow and somewhat inadequate foyer, and through into the auditorium described by Richard Grant White as "that vast and splendid void," the general air of distinction is noticeable, despite the faded decoration of the interior. The proportions of the auditorium are beautiful, and the simplicity of line and absence of ornate elaboration in detail prove restful to the eye somewhat wearied with the gold and glitter of the modern theatre. The splendid sweep of the galleries and the great heighth of the ceiling give the effect of space and nobility.

Byron

EXTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

The Academy was opened on the evening of October 2d, 1854. The comments of the press of that primitive day are naïve and refreshing in the enthusiasm displayed at the possession of a house of such unprecedented splendor in New York. One critic bursts forth in a pæan of praise and congratulation, and says, "In regard to the part of the opera house devoted to the audience we would mention that the general effect absolutely surpasses in aristocratic-like magnificence any theatre in the proud capitals of London and Paris! Let any one take a position near the stage and survey the magnificent dome, and then range down the four tiers with all their statues and decorations, and the *flat* surfaces of all our other theatres will appear cheap and commonplace."

In an amusing spirit of democratic simplicity and patriotism, he continues: "We are reminded by a correspondent that the private-box system of Europe prevents other persons in the back of the little box from seeing the stage. This proves simply that the exclusiveness of proud fools brings its own drawback, but the beneficence of our superior social and political system, added to the lights of our architecture, ought to award us a theatre as much superior to those of Europe as a comfortable American farmer's house is to an European peasant's mud-hovel." Accustomed as we are to the prices to be paid for that supreme luxury, the opera of to-day, it is curious to read that the public on the opening night of the Academy protested so vehemently at the "exhorbitant prices" charged on that occasion, namely, three dollars for parquet seats, and from twelve to forty dollars for boxes, that the management was forced to cut the prices the following night in half. The press was unanimous in its protest against such extravagance: "The proper price for opera tickets in this city should be one dollar. The class of society which supports the opera in England does not exist here in sufficient numbers to support a single first-class singer. Our public amusements, of whatever character, must rely upon the masses for support; if they look elsewhere they are morally certain to fail."

The Academy was, as a matter of fact, the fourth opera house to be erected in New York, but the previous ones were unpretentious buildings, the existence of which is long since forgotten. The honor of dedicating the building in the opera of "Norma" upon the opening night fell to Grisi and to Mario—Mario, that name of romantic association whose matchless voice has been immortalized by Owen Meredith in "Aux Italiens":

> "And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
> The souls in Purgatory."

A newspaper of that date gives a description of the memorable occasion of the opening night: "The coup d'œil last evening was dazzling. The fashionable world had assembled in imposing force in the parquet and dress circle—we have never seen a more brilliant audience. The house itself, fresh from the painters' and gilders' hands, and glistening in the light shed by scores of chandeliers, was a beautiful sight. We doubt whether Europe contains a more splendid opera house. The prospect from the second tier when the curtain was up was equal to the much-vaunted scenes at the operas of London and Paris. The success of the artists, Madame Grisi and Signor Mario, was never more decided; at the end of the second act the audience rose to a degree of enthusiasm that was tumultuous."

And again, in the delightfully amusing, high-flown language of fifty years ago, one critic remarks that "the Academy was built for a symposium of Art, Taste and Fashion, and where the feminine loveliness of a community of seven hundred

Photo Sarony, N. Y.

MARY BOLAND

Miss Boland is a Detroit girl and made her stage début in 1901 in "A Social Highwayman." Later rôles were Polly Love in "The Christian," the Duchess of Portsmouth in "Mistress Nell," Faith Rutherell in "The Last Word," Elizabeth in "Richard III," Doll Silk in "The Lady Shore," and Dorothy Nelson in "Strongheart." Last season she appeared in the rôle of Dorothy Osgood in "The Ranger" in support of Dustin Farnum, and later was seen as Lady Rowena in "When Knights Were Bold." At the beginning of the present season she made her appearance at the Empire Theatre with John Drew, playing Ethel, the daughter, in "Jack Straw." Miss Boland will remain with John Drew another season, after which it is likely Mr. Frohman will star her

thousand souls may keep up a raking fire under cover of the Muses."

It is interesting to note that during the engagement of these two artists, four operas only were given in a space of six weeks. There was some complaint on this score, and also a protest at the repetition of the already old operas "Sonnambula," "Norma," "Lucrezia," and "I Puritani." Every one knew them by heart; there was heard then, as in our own day, the call for newer music and for fresher themes. From the beginning of its career to the period of the building of the present Metropolitan Opera House, all the great singers of the world appeared in succession upon its stage. A brilliant galaxy, including Brignoli, who sang there in 1855; Clara Louise Kellogg, who made her first appearance there in "Rigoletto"; Christine Nilsson, Campanini, Minnie Hauk, Gerster, Albani, and many others. The first American production of "Il Trovatore" was given here in 1855.

Moffett, Chicago

SALLIE FISHER
Recently seen in "A Stubborn Cinderella" at the Broadway Theatre

The Academy was the scene of countless fashionable functions of the day, many gorgeous balls were given there. A mammoth series of entertainments was given in 1859 in aid of the Mount Vernon Association for the Preservation of Washington's Home.

After being redecorated and improved, the Academy opened in 1864 with a season of German opera. Christine Nilsson on the occasion of her second visit to New York, sang Elsa in "Lohengrin" there with Campanini.

In the fifty-four years of the life of the Academy, a period of time that is insignificant in the life of the older nations of Europe, the enormous advance made in America, and especially in New York in the appreciation and support of opera, is remarkable. It is a far cry down the dim vista of those far-off days of 1854 with its small class of musically cultured people, to the teeming millions of the New York of to-day, among whom exist hundreds of thousands of ardent lovers, not only of opera, but of music of every grade, and type, and variety.

The Academy, as an old building saturated with memories of the past, makes an especial appeal to the sentiment of New York.

The occupants of the old-fashioned boxes seem to-night strangely out of place. To the eye of the imagination they are peopled by ghosts, fair, shadowy forms of beautiful women long dead, and the figures and faces of men, familiar and notable in their day and generation. Villon's immortal ballad on dead ladies with its haunting refrain suggests itself involuntarily, and for once the play is not the thing. The attention wanders, the voices of the players recede into the

White, N. Y.

SCENE IN ELIZABETH ROBBYN'S PLAY "VOTES FOR WOMEN" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE
The suffragettes' champions addressing the crowd in Trafalgar Square, London—one of the best mob scenes ever seen in the theatre

Scenes and Characters in "Sham" at Wallack's Theatre

White, N. Y.

Clemintina (Ida Waterman) Katherine (Miss Crosman)

Act I. Katherine (Miss Crosman): "I don't pay any attention to the bills until they get to the red ink stage"

Tom Jaffray (Paul Dickey) **Katherine (Miss Crosman)**

Act II. Tom: "I'll return in ten minutes for your answer"

Katherine (Miss Crosman)

Act III. Katherine: "Are there two d's in Idaho?"

Lawrence, Chicago Adrian De Mauprat (Frederick Lewis) Julie De Mortemar (Gladys Hanson) Cardinal Richelieu (Mr. Sothern)
Act I. The Cardinal blesses the union of his ward and De Mauprat
SCENE IN EDWARD H. SOTHERN'S REVIVAL OF "RICHELIEU" AT DALY'S THEATRE

distance, the stage vanishes, and the modern audience dissolves into thin air.

Here are the women of fashion, those leaders of the *ton*, Mesdames Dubois, Thomas Addis Emmet, James W. White, the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Coventry Waddell, and Mrs. John C. Stevens, radiant in all the glory of tulle embroidered in gold, in crinoline, and in corkscrew curls, bandeaux, and wearing as wraps the Salamanca cloak, and the Moscow wrapper.

In the boxes and in the vast auditorium sit the forbears of many of the well-known people whose names figure in the chronicles of society to-day,—the Wetmores, the Jays, the Minturns, Astors, Schuylers, Stevens, Hones, Fearings, Otises, Primes, Gerards, and many others. In fancy, is lived over again some brilliant night of the days when the fashion of that society congregated to applaud one of the old, immortal operas.

One sees the conductor raise his baton, the familiar strains of the overture greet the ear. Mario, the golden-throated, thrills us with his liquid voice, and the last superb, high note is greeted by a storm of applause. One sees as the curtain falls, the animation, the pantomime of conversation, hears the laughter, sees the flash of jewels, the smiles of men and women,—all the familiar scenes that repeat themselves to-day for us in the modern audiences at the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses. Human nature is eternally the same, and New York to-day, still with lingering traces of its early provincialism, prides itself upon its two opera houses, and the greatest collection of opera singers ever gathered together. The opening of each new season is awaited with the keenest anticipation. Even with such social prestige, such equally keen anticipation of pleasure, did the long-forgotten season of opera in 1854 open at the Academy. HELEN V. LIGHTFOOT.

Lawrence, Chicago Marion De Lorme (Virginia Hammond) Cardinal Richelieu (Mr. Sothern) François (Harry Turnley)
Act II. Cardinal Richelieu: "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail"
SCENE IN EDWARD H. SOTHERN'S REVIVAL OF "RICHELIEU" AT DALY'S THEATRE

Edward H. Sothern as Richelieu at Daly's Theatre

Edith Ellis—a Woman Insurgent Dramatist

(INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS No. 12)

White

EDITH ELLIS
Author of "Mary Jane's Pa," etc.

"NEW YORK loves the sinner. The rest of the country does not."

Edith Ellis, small, pale, with deep-set sparkling eyes, tossed off this statement as she scatters her word brilliants, laughingly, yet with an undertone of profound earnestness.

"It is true," insisted this female insurgent dramatist. "The sinner is the only person who is interesting to New Yorkers. We go with as fast people as we dare without going to jail. We regard the woman who doesn't drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes as uninteresting, or some dangerous kind of reformer. The women are worse than the men.

"And yet the cocktail-cigarette women are the sort who are against suffrage for their sex. I wonder why it is? I haven't found out. But it is so. Look about among your friends."

From suffrage for women the author of "Mary Jane's Pa," whom some of us have named "Mary Jane's Pa's Ma," flung back to sin.

"New York likes the sinner because we are all sinners or as sinful as we dare be. That is the reason that 'Paid in Full' succeeded in New York and failed on the road. The play turns upon the villainy of the husband. He was a sinner and so New York accepted him. Outside New York they would not. To New York audiences he seemed a universal type. To others he seemed unique, merely a despicable cad, *sui generis*. They would not have him, and the play failed."

The little cheerful, live-wire woman admits being of the army of insurgent dramatists. If she is not their leader, she is at least their *vivandière*, bold in her allegiance to the new, independent standard—independent of traditions, independent of dogmas, independent of forms.

"'Mary Jane's Pa' has been criticised because it is neither comedy, tragedy nor farce." Miss Ellis threw gay challenge at grave critics who had been puzzled by her play. "It isn't any one of them. I did not intend that it should be. But it is more than any of the three. It is life. That is what I intend my plays shall be—as near life as I can make them. Life isn't comedy. It isn't tragedy. It isn't farce. It has elements of all three. It is a blend of all.

"A man who thinks he knows said to me, 'You are too intellectual a woman to mind my saying this. You have written a rotten play.' 'You think so?' I said. 'Well, I shall not accept your verdict. We will leave it to the public.' The public reversed the wise man's decision, as the Appellate Court often reverses the decision of the lower courts. I have always had in mind when I wrote, not the owls of wisdom, the dissectors of the drama, but the public. Everything I know I have learned from the public. When any play with which I am connected is on I go down into the audience and sit, first in one part of the house, then another, and no matter whom I am sitting beside, I always learn something from that person's view of the play. Even if my neighbor doesn't say a word I can tell how the points impress him. I can tell when one point reaches home and another fails. The public is the judge, and if the public likes it what else matters?

"And the public prefers the play that is like life. The best proof of this is the fate of the Sardou plays. Once he was looked upon as a master. Now he is conceded to be artificial. Bernard Shaw said, in effect, 'To —— with forms. Give us life.' That I have adopted as my motto.

"I was almost born on the stage. My father was an actor, a manager and a playwright. I have written plays myself and plays have been written for me. I have been on the stage all my life since I was three years old, and its technique is as familiar to me as the alphabet. I know the forms of drama. I have eaten and drunk and slept them, but I don't believe in being hampered by them. I belong to a club of women dramatists, but I do not feel akin to them, for they discuss the forms and how to remain within the forms. I try to get on without them. I remember the forms, but am controlled by the impulse of character and the impetus of action."

Aside from her actual stage experience as an actress, Miss Ellis has written herself outside and above the odious category of "amateurs."

Six productions, she asserts, place her well within the professional class. "Mrs. O'Shaughnessy," "The King of Kalamazoo," "The Point of View," "Ben of Broken Bow," "Mary and John," preceded "Mary Jane's Pa." Some essays into the vaudeville field, and more adaptations than she can count, were also the forerunners of the present unconventional offering.

A few decades ago billboards flamboyantly described the charms and cleverness of "the Rising Star of Texas." "The Rising Star" was also known as "Little Edith Ellis." She is the daughter of Edward C. Ellis, leading man with Bartley Campbell. She was a star at eight years of age. Before she was twelve, three plays had been written for her, in all of which she starred. In "Irma" she had the longest part ever written for a child except Little Lord Fauntleroy. "Mexico, or The Bandits of the Border" was her vehicle when Loie Fuller bought the play. Then, chiefly because the "phenomenal child actress" was growing long of leg and arm and had reached the borders of the awkward age, "Miss Loie Fuller" appeared in black

Photo Sarony

DORIS KEANE IN "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE," A NEW COMEDY BY CLYDE FITCH

This popular young actress, who is now making her first appearance as a star in Clyde Fitch's new comedy "The Happy Marriage," first came under the notice of Charles Frohman when she appeared with much success at one of the graduate matinées of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts at the Empire Theatre. She was at once engaged for a prominent part in "The Other Girl," and subsequently supported John Drew in "De Lancey." She made hits in the New York and London productions of "The Hypocrites." Early this season she was seen in a one-act curtain raiser "The Likes o' Me" at the Garrick, portraying the part of a London street arab with marked ability

letters, and "Supported by Little Edith Ellis" in black letters, only a shade smaller.

The lengthening legs and increasing awkwardness caused, for a time, the child's removal from the boards, at least from the dramatic stage, but she went straight from that to the concert stage, upon which she evolved into long skirts and a new and more womanly grace. The phenomenon of growing up having been achieved, she returned to the stage as a star in "The Ship of State." "The Ship" went upon the reefs. The manager, Frank A. Baker, proposed marriage to the star.

"I think I will marry you," rejoined the star. "It is the only way I will ever get that back salary."

The Park Theatre in Brooklyn was secured by the pair, and the bride became its stage director. After several seasons spent thus she leased the Criterion, now Keeny's, in Brooklyn, and was manager and stage director for two years. For a brief time she was the lessee of the Berkeley Lyceum, where she produced her play, "The Point of View." Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske produced her "Mary and John" with John Mason and Sadie Martinot in the respective title rôles.

Hall

ADA LEWIS

This clever character actress, who made her reputation some fifteen years ago as "the tough girl" with Ned H. Harrigan, is starring this season in a new comedy by Frank Ward O'Malley and Edward W. Townsend entitled "The Head of the Family"

Two years ago, when she became a widow, Mrs. Baker resumed her maiden, which was also her stage, name. It was the fact that Edith Barker, the leading woman, was often confused with her, and caused distress to mail clerks and bill collectors, that led her to return to her former name.

"I'm not a bit literary," said Miss Ellis, in laughing disclaimer of the sage reminiscences by up-state critics of articles written by her for the magazines. By mistake I was announced as a magazine writer. I'm nothing of the sort. I couldn't write a magazine article if my life depended upon it. I am of the stage or nothing, and the stage is distinct and apart from literature."

Miss Ellis has resumed her stage direction. Not only her own play, but Miss Mary Mannering's present vehicle, and Miss Bertha Galland's "Return of Eve," were produced under her direction. The stage directress she believes to be an essential coming element in American drama. "Given knowledge of the subject and the faculty of self-control and control of others, a woman should be an excellent stage director," she said. "She needs, most of all, the faculty of imparting what she knows. The stage director should have much in common with the equipment of the successful stage school teacher.

"The trouble is that the stage director is also the manager. He eliminates one vital quality, the intelligence of the actor. That is the reason David Belasco is so marvelously successful. He knows the value of the actor's intelligence and allows him to use it."

A glimpse into the future of Miss Ellis reveals her chief desire to be not the writing and production of successful plays. That she confidently expects. A play, "Vespers," dealing with a strong problem having a Canadian life as its setting, is finished, and is, she asserts, the "best work I can ever do, the best I am capable of." She is under contract to Henry W. Savage to finish another play for him by June.

Her ambition is to play such rôles as she wishes. "It will not be in this country," she says. "I am told that in England they would like my style of acting, which is, like my plays, essentially of the natural school. "They like the portrayal of the mature woman character there. After all, she is the only person about whom a play or a story can be written. This is the day of the mature woman in real life and on the stage."

It is a mature woman about whom the interest and sympathy of the play "Mary Jane's Pa" clusters. It was a mature woman, a newspaper writer of Chicago, who herself told the author of a vagabond husband whose wanderings ended as a servant in the home maintained by his former wife. That writer is now dead who told Miss Ellis the story foundation of the play.

We fell to talking as women who bear the scars of life's battles talk of whether the chances for success are odd or even.

"There is no doubt that a woman is greatly handicapped by her sex," said Mrs. Baker. This time she did not laugh.

"I have endured more than have male authors. For instance, the criticism of a press agent, 'You have written a rotten play.' Would those words be spoken to Augustus Thomas or George Ade, or any other able-bodied playwright?" ADA PATTERSON.

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HENRY BERNSTEIN, THE NEW SARDOU, AT WORK ON A PLAY IN HIS PARIS STUDY

Henry Bernstein—France's New High-pressure Playwright

IN the world of playmaking the late Victorien Sardou occupied a unique position. He was the universal dramatist. His literary powers were often questioned, but never his skill as a play builder. Now that he is no more, it is interesting to look around to see if there is anyone to-day capable of taking his place. Is there in France anyone now writing for the stage who rises above his fellows sufficiently to be described as the legitimate successor of Sardou?

It may safely be said that no French dramatist now occupies such a position as was held until a year or two ago by Sardou, and that for the excellent reason that a part of Sardou's pre-eminence was due to his age, his long experience and his vast production; whereas all the notable playwrights at present are relatively young men, or men whose productions are comparatively restricted. Another quality of Sardou, which is not shared by any of the present-day writers, was his universality. All the existing writers seem unwilling to see life except under a given aspect; their plays show, under differing conditions, the same sets of characters always actuated by the same motives. It may be urged that in thus restricting their field of action they are giving proof of sincerity, being unwilling to place on the stage characters which they have not studied and analyzed in real life. But Sardou's passion for the drama was restrained by no such scruples. All phases of life, from episodes of the middle ages down to incidents of contemporary life, whether in Russia, Holland, Italy, Spain or France, provided they were dramatic, were welcomed by the great French playmaker. One can imagine him writing the dialogue of such a play as "La Sorcière," which tells of the Spanish inquisition, with the same facility, doubtless, as he wrote that of "Nos Bons Villageois." Who but he would choose subjects so diverse in character as those of "Les Pattes de Mouche" and "Patrie," "Fedora" and "Thermidor," "Nos Intimes" and "Dante," "Theodora" and "L'Oncle Sam," "Divorçons" and "La Tosca"?

Sardou had no "line"; he seemed to regard the whole range of past history and contemporary life as at his disposal. The only point on which he insisted was that the subject should be dramatic. No one writing for the French stage at present has this same faculty of universality. Each has a specialty and sticks to it. Paul Hervieu is to some extent a disciple of Alexandre Dumas fils and generally writes with a moral purpose. In Edmond Rostand's work the poetry overshadows the play, or, in other words, the poetry is better than the play itself. Alfred Capus confines himself to writing charming and witty comedies of the life of wealthy French bourgeois. Octave Mirbeau's dramatic productions do not yet justify his being placed in the front rank. Jean Richepin is more lyric than dramatic. Maurice Donnay's dialogue is delightful, but he lacks force and imagination. Henry Battaille is more literary than dramatic. Brieux preaches too much. Lavedan is wanting in dramatic power.

Henry Bernstein alone stands out as a prolific producer of successful plays. He has the purely dramatic sense more strongly developed than any other living French playwright. His first dramatic effort was produced in 1901, and since then he has produced no less than nine plays, several of which have been great successes, and all have shown traces of the master hand. His first play, "Le Marché," was produced in 1901; then "Le Détour" in 1902, "Joujou" in 1903, "Le Bercail" in 1904, "La Griffe" in 1905, "La Rafale" in 1906, "Le Voleur" in 1906, "Samson" in 1907, "Israel" in 1908. In addition he wrote "Frère Jacques" in collaboration with Pierre Veber.

His productions show a steady and continuous increase in dramatic power, the most ambitious effort being the last. Unfortunately, "Israel" was not a financial success, mainly owing to its being badly cast. But its conception is Shakespearian in its remorseless force. The full story of the play has already been told in this magazine. In brief, young Prince Thibault de Courcy, an ardent and militant Christian, with certain socialistic aspirations, has placed himself at the head of the anti-Semitic movement in France. He is intolerant, enthusiastic and cock-sure of himself and his opinions. He has allowed his Jew-hatred to develop into a sort of monomania. Among the members of the aristocratic club which he frequents is a very wealthy Jew, who is understood

Hall

BERTHA GALLAND
As Eve in "The Return of Eve" at the Herald Square Theatre

to be lavishly subventioning an anti-clerical campaign in France. Prince Thibault, an accomplished duellist, decides to force this Jew, Gutlieb, to resign from the club or take his chance of being killed in a duel. He accordingly insults Gutlieb in the hall of the club and in the presence of the other members, and a duel is to ensue. When Prince Thibault's mother, the Duchesse de Courcy, hears of the impending meeting, she sends for Gutlieb and reminds him that he cannot fight with Thibault. The audience is thus made aware that the hot-headed Jew-baiting prince is, in fact, the son of Gutlieb and the duchess. Eventually Prince Thibault learns the truth. Gutlieb, his father, appeals to the Jewish side of him to start a new life in a new country. On the other hand, the priest who acts as his mother's confessor, also discusses the situation with him and suggests retirement to a monastery. But Thibault is too fond of life and action to accept imprisonment in a cloister, and too filled with prejudices derived from his Christian upbringing to accept the paternity that is thus revealed to him. He commits suicide. Charles Frohman will produce the play in America next season, Holbrook Blinn appearing as Thibault and Constance Collier as the mother.

The dramatic force of the main situation is evident; but there are certain improbabilities in the play which demanded acting of the highest order to make the audience accept them. If the play had been produced at Guitry's Theatre it might have been a success; as it was, the cast emphasized instead of hid the improbabilities referred to, and the play did not have the expected effect. But it was written in a style superior from a literary point of view to anything M. Bernstein has yet done.

"Samson," in which Mr. Gillette is appearing here this season, is another instance of M. Bernstein's vivid and forceful conceptions. The idea of a millionaire sacrificing his entire fortune in order to ruin the man who had seduced his wife, is not without some of the grandeur of the old Greek dramas. In the American version of the play, however, the play lost much of the intensity and violence of the original text, and as this very violence was one of its essential features, its emasculation could not but weaken it. But the Latin attitude towards art differs from the Anglo-Saxon, and they cannot well be reconciled. The two points of view cannot, however, be discussed here. It may be said, however, that, successful though some of Bernstein's plays have been abroad, the full force of his dramatic power can scarcely be felt away from the Boulevard.

In boldness of conception and brilliancy of execution, Bernstein need not fear comparison with Sardou. He has less ingenuity but greater strength and keener psychological analysis. Hitherto, however, his dramatis personæ have all been taken from a restricted and not always very interesting section of humanity, the men and women who have been swept into the whirlpool created in Paris by the attractive force of pleasure, excitement and gold. It is true that Bernstein knows this phase of life better than any other. He is only about 34 years old and already he has squandered one fortune, produced nine plays, and created another fortune.

Bernstein's life is a perpetual fever. He has always lived at high pressure. Finding himself at his majority the possessor of a large fortune, he knows from personal experience the kind of moths and insects that are attracted by the effulgence of a full purse. None better than he knows the conditions attending the quest of pleasure in Paris; the night restaurants and the gaily dressed women who frequent them, the race courses, the gambling clubs and the professional card-players who haunt them, and, in fact, the whole gang of usurers, crooks, card-sharps and shady women who form the background on which are painted the vivid colors of the life of a man-about-town. Bernstein has been through it all, and has come out a conqueror. That nervous intensity which he formerly put into his gambling operations and his life of pleasure, he now infuses into his plays and his method of producing them.

He has no lack of enemies, for his manner is authoritative and his character is not conciliatory. Everything about Bernstein suggests force and activity. His methods of work are characteristic

Byron Eva (Bertha Kalich) Pietro (Eugene Ormonde) John Radford (Frederick Truesdell)

Act I. The first meeting of Eva and Pietro

Byron Pietro (Eugene Ormonde) Eva (Bertha Kalich)

Act III. Eva arouses the jealous passion of Pietro

Scenes in "The Unbroken Road," a Problem Play by Thomas Dickinson

Mr. Dickinson is a new author. He is a Virginian by birth, a graduate of Columbia, and took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Wisconsin. "The Unbroken Road" is representative of that new school of American drama of which "The Great Divide," "Paid in Full" and "Salvation Nell" are successful types. Bertha Kalich is seen as a woman who redeems her past life. The play is political and social in its nature, and is an ambitious attempt to turn the seamy side of American politics out to full view, interweaving at the same time the regeneration of a fallen woman and the turpitudes of a subservient Governor of a Western State

Act I. Mr. Newlywed (William Clifton) and chorus singing the Boogie Boo song in Napoleon's nursery
SCENE IN "THE NEWLYWEDS AND THEIR BABY" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

of the man. In his study a heavy carpet stifles the noise of his footsteps as he paces nervously up and down thinking out the situations, and all around him are pencils with which to note down scraps of dialogue until the entire scene is written.

It can be well understood how such a man can appreciate the power of money when he seeks out and portrays the dramatic side of life. In no play is this power of money so clearly shown than in "Samson." In it the financial prestige of the man of millions radiates over the penniless aristocrats who bask in the rays of his wealth. Money, in Bernstein's world, is the one abiding influence; it is the sole source of social discipline; it to some extent takes the place of religion; it regulates the accepted standard of personal conduct which replaces morals; it is strong, hard, unfeeling, uncompromising, logical and cruel—but always strong, and Bernstein's work has many qualities in common with it. In his development of a plot there is much of the dispassionate frankness of the man of business, the man who is accustomed to dealing with figures, and not with more or less vague ideas and more or less definite sentiments. One can imagine Bernstein, while in the throes of composition, saying to the dramatis personæ strutting and fretting before his mind's eye, with their line of conduct which is to lead up to the dramatic situation still undecided:—"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, business is business; let each one of you start right in and do what he's got to do, and not waste time talking."

Such is the brilliant young dramatist who, it is hoped, will do great things towards upholding the worldwide pre-eminence of France in theatrical matters. And it is interesting to note that Sardou himself had a higher opinion of the dramatic powers of Bernstein than of those of any of his contemporaries. One could hope to see Bernstein enlarge his field of observation and apply his dramatic powers to phases of life other than that of the Boulevard; but his last two plays indicate that his talents are developing normally, and that his sphere of action is extending. His next play is awaited with interest by all who follow the evolution of dramatic art.

EDGAR STEPHENSON.

Dr. I. Curem (Tom Hadaway) The Nurse (Flavia Arcaro) James E. Rosen as Napoleon Newlywed, the baby Adolph (Geo. P. Murphy) Bolivar (Alfred Grady) Dolly (Carrie Reynolds)
SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN "THE NEWLYWEDS AND THEIR BABY" AT THE MAJESTIC

Photo Sarony

ELEANOR ROBSON AS GLAD IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

This interesting and sympathetic young actress, who for the last few seasons has appeared before the public in a number of important plays, is seen in Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's piece now running at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, as a waif of London's squalid East End, a sort of Cinderella of the slums whose cheerful philosophy redeems a man bent on suicide and shows him the way to happiness

Plays Worth Seeing—"A Woman's Way"

"A WOMAN'S WAY,"* in which Grace George is appearing this season, is a clever farcical comedy by Mr. Thompson Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan is the son of a Kentucky clergyman, and according to report is only twenty-five. Judging from the dialogue of his play one might give him credit for more world experience than his years suggest. It is as bright and entertaining a piece as the local stage has witnessed in a long time, which is something for a newcomer to achieve. The question of divorce is the main theme, the plot concerning a wife who loves her husband notwithstanding his marital peccadilloes, and the clever way in which she avoids a separation in spite of a scandal which, to outsiders, seems to make a divorce inevitable. Howard Stanton, a young millionaire husband, indiscreetly takes Mrs. Blakemore, a dashing widow, for an automobile spin and meets with an accident, thus getting his name in the papers. When the play opens Howard, his arm in a sling, is reading the startling headlines in the yellow newspapers, and the butler is engaged in keeping at bay a horde of reporters who see in this scandal fine "copy" for a sensational story. Mr. Lynch, one of the reporters, is permitted to enter to get the family statement. Howard at first flatly denies all knowledge of the accident, declaring that he was out of town at the time, and that the man who wrecked the car was his chauffeur. Mr. Lynch soon discovers the falsity of this, and he is about to retire with ample material for a "story," when Marion disarms him by saying she is the lady of the accident.

Sarony

GRACE GEORGE AS MARION IN "A WOMAN'S WAY"

LYNCH: Then you were the lady in the car?

MARION: Of course, I was.

LYNCH: Then allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. Stanton, on your splendid recovery. The lady in the car broke her leg—good-day.

(*Exits.*)

(*The three left stare at one another.*)

MARION (*in queer tone*): Broke her leg!

(*Moves over to* C *table, drops into chair beside it, and buries her face on her arm, her shoulder heaving. Morris looks at her sympathetically, then steps out* U. S. R. *with elaborate care. Stanton comes over beside Marion, stands, looking like a fool.*)

STANTON (*trying to be comforting, and not knowing what to say*): Don't take on so, Marion—please, don't.

(*No answer—long pause. Stanton more serious and embarrassed than ever.*)

She really didn't break her leg. He was only bluffing.

(*The shaking of Marion's figure continues. She seems convulsed. Coaxingly. Goes to her.*)

Come, Marion.

MARION (*looks up, her face convulsed with laughter. With affected anxiety*): Didn't she really break her leg?

STANTON (*shocked*): Marion! You're laughing?

MARION (*going off into fresh peal of laughter*): Am I? I believe I am. But, you see, as I haven't the honor of the lady's acquaintance, you can't expect me to be so very sympathetic.

STANTON (*terribly shocked that she takes the situation in this unconventional fashion*): Marion, I'm ashamed of——

MARION: Most self-supporting men would be, dear.

STANTON (*haughty, angry and completely nonplussed*): I don't—I cannot explain—I——

(*He is thinking only of her attitude, but she purposely misunderstands.*)

MARION (*sweetly*): Don't apologize for her coming out safely, Howard. You know I wouldn't have minded——

(*With involuntary intensity*)

if she had broken her neck.

STANTON (*shocked and angry*): That is not a womanly speech.

MARION: Oh, yes, it is. You just don't know.

(*Stanton turns from her angrily. When his back is turned, she makes an involuntary move and affectionate gesture toward him, while her face shows pain and love. She shows by her silent acting that she really loves him, and her lightness and humorous taking of the situation is a brave bluff to hide her real deep feeling.*)

STANTON (*turning back, bitterly*): I might have known that would be how you would take it. Since you went in for this society thing, all you can do is laugh and jeer at everything.

MARION (*with womanly dignity*): Do you wish me to take the situation seriously, Howard?

STANTON: Isn't it serious?

MARION: I should hate to be forced to take it so.

STANTON: I might have been killed.

MARION (*getting back her poise. Rising*): Oh, Howard, you couldn't have done anything so ungentlemanly.

STANTON (*in amazement*): Ungentlemanly!

MARION: Yes—the lady—might have a husband or a father—or children or—— (*contemptuously*) oh, any of the relations that women of that kind have—think how you might have compromised her!

(*He is too angry to speak, and merely stares at her. Going to him*)

Now, you must promise me, Howard, if you insist upon getting yourself into these absurd scrapes, you won't allow yourself to be killed.

STANTON (*sarcastically*): I'll promise that. (*Goes to fireplace.*)

MARION (*sweetly*): Thank you, dear. (*Reflectively*) One thing I always liked about you is that you are naturally obliging in little things. Now, another man might lose his temper and say: "Yes, he would kill himself if he wanted to"—but you are not that way. You have the true idea of the right way to hold a woman—make her all the little promises that you wish to keep.

STANTON (*contemptuously*): I suppose you would have been seriously annoyed if I had been killed?

MARION: Indeed, I should, Howard dear. You know how unbecoming black is to me, and as ours was a love match, I should have to wear it for the limit.

STANTON (*moves over to mantel. Indifferently*): Well, I suppose this ends it.

MARION (*in slightly strained voice*): What ends what?

STANTON (*more indifferently*): What I've been doing—this——

(*Pauses for a word.*)

MARION (*sweetly*): Disgracing yourself and your family?

STANTON: Disgracing! (*Turns sharply, strikes injured arm. With pain.*) Oh!

MARION (*with sudden sympathy*): My poor boy. (*Turns to him where he stands holding his arm in pain.*) Here—— (*Draws him over to sofa, makes him sit down.*) You've slipped the bandage—— (*Takes his arm out of sling.*)

STANTON: It isn't anything.

MARION: Does it hurt much? (*She is busy with the bandage.*)

STANTON: A little. (*She works over the bandage, readjusting it during the next few speeches.*)

MARION: I hope it was thoroughly cleansed—it seems terribly swollen——

STANTON: Oh, it's not nearly so bad as the last motor smash-up.

MARION (*in queer voice*): You remember the last time then?

STANTON: Do you remember that evening?

MARION (*softly*): Yes.

STANTON: The turn in the road just at the elbow of that big hill——

MARION: The second turn it was. Remember? We got by the first safely.

STANTON: Yes—so it was, to be sure. It was the second turn. I'll never forget it.

MARION (*as though trying to recall*): What were we doing?

STANTON: Why, Marion—you must remember that?

MARION (*shaking her head*): It's very indistinct.

STANTON: You know. We came flying down taking the turn on two wheels, and the wind in our faces and the glory of the evening sun on your hair, and we were laughing, laughing with the joy of being alive, being together, and I forgot everything and leaned towards you, and——

MARION: And then that sinking away feeling—the crash, and the darkness. I just remember before the crash came your throwing your arm about me.

STANTON: And when I came to——

MARION: I came to first, you remember.

STANTON: So you did—you plucky little thing! I came to with my head in your lap, and you were cuddling me and nursing me.

MARION: Of course, I was—why you saved my life. I would have been killed if you had not jerked me so that I fell on you and broke your arm.

STANTON: That was the first time you ever sat on me.

MARION: We had not been married long, then, you know.

*A WOMAN'S WAY is copyrighted by Thompson Buchanan. The foregoing excerpts from the manuscript are given here by permission of William A. Brady.

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PAULINE FREDERICK, WHOSE EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE AS ELISE IN "SAMSON" ASTONISHED NEW YORK

Miss Frederick, who has come to the front with remarkable quickness, owes her rapid advance as much to her ability as to her beauty. She was born in Boston and, having something of a voice, expected to make music her career, but in 1902 she made her first appearance on the stage with "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard." After that she became a member of Lew Fields' company and was seen in that manager's production of "It Happened in Nordland." Then she joined Mr. Hackett and was seen in "The Little Gray Lady" and "The Girl in White." Finally she came under the management of Charles Frohman appearing in "When Knights Were Bold," "Twenty Days in the Shade" and "Toddles"

STANTON: And that walk—two miles in the moonlight with a broken arm.
MARION: What a rough place it was.
STANTON: Gee, you were good to me!
MARION: Absurd.
STANTON: What a start that was for a honeymoon! A big smash-up at the outset.
MARION: That wasn't my fault. You did it.
STANTON: Did it, nothing. If you hadn't looked so good I wouldn't have leaned towards you.
MARION: I suppose you have the leaning habit in automobiles, Howard.
STANTON: Can you beat it? Whenever anything important happens I hurt my arm—the honeymoon—divorce even——
MARION (*rises abruptly and goes up stage. Pause*): It's all right now.
STANTON: I wonder why we don't get on? We used to be very congenial, I thought.
MARION: No, I fear you were self-sacrificing. You pretended to like what I did.
STANTON: No, indeed, you were the one who pretended—but oh, Marion, that society game I never could go.
MARION: Poor boy, how selfish I was!
STANTON: You selfish—the idea! I——
MARION: Oh, but I was, Howard. I should have taken more interest in sport, but—racing was always tiresome for me, and late suppers gave me a—headache.
STANTON: No—indeed—I was a brute.
MARION: You were not, Howard.
STANTON (*with heat*): Confound it! That's the way—you never will agree with me about anything. Let me be a brute if I want to be. I'm a brute, and I'm going to be a brute.
MARION: Well—perhaps you are——
STANTON: And you'll be well rid of me. (*Pause.*) I suppose you will marry again?
MARION: Do you——
STANTON: Whitney's a jolly nice fellow.
MARION (*crosses to center*): What! (*Catches herself, laughs.*) Remember, we are still married, Howard—and—I—haven't asked any questions about your future.
STANTON (*rises*): I beg your pardon.
MARION: Don't mention it.
STANTON: I'll do the right thing. I haven't acted right, I know. I'll do anything to atone by helping you rid yourself of me—I'll give the names.
MARION: I know they will appreciate that——
STANTON: Why must you always be so sarcastic?
MARION: I thought there was but *one* woman in that car—— (*She looks at him sternly.*)
STANTON (*shortly*): She does not figure.
MARION: She will figure if there is a divorce, and it will be tried publicly.
STANTON: Marion!
MARION: Pray, why should we make an exception in her case?
STANTON: She is a lady. (*Marion laughs contemptuously.*) I said she is a lady.
MARION: Doubtless——
STANTON: I tell you——
MARION: No—I will tell you something—I've known for a long time that you have not been acting entirely as you should—but it has not really troubled me perhaps as much as it should. But I have never done one of these women the honor to be jealous. This one seems indifferent. You say she belongs to your own station in life as will be your own class in morals—very well—if there is a divorce, it will be tried publicly, and she shall stand with you—disgraced.
STANTON: Marion! She is innocent!
MARION (*defiantly*): She shall prove it.

Mrs. Livingston, Marion's mother, arrives in a state of great agitation on hearing of the scandal which threatens her daughter's happiness.

MARION (*in quiet, dead tone, as though speaking of someone quite apart from herself*) It is partly my fault, I suppose. I did not take as much interest as I should in things that amused Howard.
MRS. LIVINGSTON (*in horror*): I should hope not.
MARION: I did go in for society a good deal——
MRS. LIVINGSTON: Of course.
MARION: He did not realize it was because I was lonesome. (*Plaintively*) Sometimes, Mother, I think men are awful fools.

White Robert Drouet Helen Robertson
SCENE IN "THE CONFLICT" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

MRS. LIVINGSTON (*with conviction*): They are almost always. (*Continuing*) But that doesn't excuse Howard Stanton! Bring about such a scandal! Now we will have all the horrible notoriety of a divorce suit—oh—I could!
MARION: Divorce suit! Oh, no—put that idea out of your head.
MRS. LIVINGSTON: But, Marion! What can you do? You can't live with him after this scandal—consider your own dignity! It's scarcely proper—why, when I came this morning I hardly expected to find you here.
MARION: Where did you expect to find me? Out in the street talking to the reporters?
MRS. LIVINGSTON: Marion!
MARION: It's time to end this hypocrisy that is merely a confession of weakness—it's time, I tell you, for the good women to wake up—we fight to get our husbands—why not fight to hold them? We good women are too fond of sitting still and pretending to be coldly superior—while our hearts break as the other women steal our husbands—well, I'm not going to be like that—not much—if she gets my husband, she'll earn him.
MRS. LIVINGSTON: Marion, you always did have impossible ideas.
MARION: Impossible—I'll show you.
MRS. LIVINGSTON: What are you going to do? (*Makes inquiring gesture.*)
MARION: Never mind. Now, Mother, just curb that curiosity—I have a plan—you wait and see——

Marion's father, General Livingston, soon arrives on the scene.

MARION: Dad! (*Hurries to him.*)
GEN. LIVINGSTON (*taking her in his arms*): Marion, my little girl. (*Kisses her.*)
MARION (*taking his paper from him*): Oh, Dad, don't bring another of those horrible things in here——(*Opens paper, reads headline*) "Family Conference!" How absurd! (*Throws paper aside.*)
GEN. LIVINGSTON: Marion, I have come to take you home.
MARION (*with simple dignity*): I am at home, father.
STANTON: This is Marion's home, General.
GEN. LIVINGSTON: I am Marion's father, and I do not recognize your right, sir, to decide this matter.
STANTON (*going to him*): I am Marion's husband, and whether you recognize it or not, I have the right.
MARION (*crossing between them. She is smiling pleasantly, but in her voice is a ring of determination*) And they both guessed wrong the very first time. (*Becoming serious*) Father—Howard—you are both dear, and you are both acting exactly as you should. But, dear men, that day when you grandly decided, and women meekly submitted, has gone by. Father, I owe you respect. I owe Howard allegiance—so long as he deserves it. And no one can decide for me anything that is going to affect my whole life. I will decide it myself, for myself—when and how I please—for the present——
(*Wilson appears at center door. Marion sees him, her face lights up.*) My decision is that we all go to lunch.
(*The others file out dazed as she directs. General Livingston crosses to Mrs. Stanton and exits center.*)
One moment, Howard—— (*Stanton pauses.*)
STANTON (*after pause*): Well—what are you going to do? I will abide by your decision.
MARION: What is her name?
STANTON: I told you, Marion—she is innocent of anything wrong.
MARION: I promise you not to use her name, if I sue——
STANTON (*doubtfully*): Um——
MARION: Good. Now, who is she?
STANTON (*rather ashamed*): Mrs. Blakemore.
MARION: The rich widow from the South?
STANTON: Yes——
MARION: Do you love her?
(*Stanton does not answer. Marion repeats more insistently.*) Do you?
STANTON (*with sudden determination*): Hang it, Marion, you've been frank, I'll be as frank as I can be—I'm damned if I know.
MARION: See here, Howard, you and I are sensible people. A man goes to the woman who offers the most to his nature. I am a woman. She is a woman. If I cannot hold you against all women, I don't want you. We will invite Mrs. Blakemore here, and put it to the test.
STANTON (*amazed and shocked*): Marion!
MARION (*triumphantly*): That is my decision!

Marion invites the widow to dinner. Among the other guests are Edward Morris, Howard's brother-in-law; Bob, Marion's brother, and Oliver Whitney, a former sweetheart of Marion's. Just after the curtain rises on Act II, Marion is seen with her husband preparing for the company. Howard is busy fixing his white tie and Marion is helping him.

MARION: Don't fidget so. Honestly, Howard, you act like a rebellious child having his face washed for Sunday-school. I must have you looking your best. There'd be no real self-sacrifice in giving another woman a chance if you didn't look well, you know. (*Fools with his collar.*)

STANTON (*half choked*): Don't; you're choking me.

MARION: It would be terrible, wouldn't it, if she decided she didn't want you after all this trouble? And how humiliating for me!

(*Redoubles efforts to make him look nice. With determination*) Oh, you must look your best. (*Steps back*) There! That's better! (*She turns him round, looking him over judicially*) Turn round.

(*Presses out the shoulders of his coat and smoothes his hair with affectionate, almost maternal gesture. Her manner and expression when he is not looking directly at her, shows sincere feeling and deep love.*)

Now you look good enough for any woman—to give away.

STANTON (*has submitted in half embarrassed, angry way to Marion's caressing*): It's awful good of you to take so much trouble. Never could tie one of the fool things.

MARION: That's how I learned.

STANTON (*does not understand her meaning*): That's so! (*Face lighting up*) I remember the first time you learned.

MARION (*assumed indifference*): Um—don't recall exactly.

STANTON (*disappointed that she has forgotten*): You remember one night your father coming into the room, and it had to be tied quick?

MARION (*casually*): Oh, I'd learned long before then. I used to tie Oliver Whitney's.

STANTON (*angry*): What?

MARION: Besides, Howard Stanton, I did not kiss you.

STANTON: I know you didn't. That's how it came untied. You dodged.

MARION: Well—widows don't dodge.

STANTON (*takes the dig and tries to retaliate*): You didn't always dodge. (*Nods with satisfaction.*)

MARION: Humph! Well, I'm safe now.

(*Stands before him in a particularly alluring position, looking at him daringly, teasingly. Stanton, being a man, makes an involuntary move toward her, holding out his hands. She steps back, smiling in teasing fashion, and warding off his outstretched hands in pretended horror.*) Remember who's coming. What would Mrs. Blakemore say? At least, be faithful to your last love. Stay put.

(*Stanton stops suddenly.*)

STANTON (*laughing, in spite of himself*): Hang it, Marion. I almost forgot.

MARION: You're always forgetting—remember the night you kissed me in the automobile and forgot it was lighted?

STANTON: And you slapped my face.

MARION: Of course, I did. Do you suppose I want to be kissed in public like a Luna Park belle on the back of a Coney Island steamboat?

STANTON: Gee! We had good times in that car.

MARION: Yes, indeed—— (*Pause*) You're always having good times in automobiles. Gracious, we're forgetting Mrs. Blakemore.

STANTON (*angry at dig*): Oh——

(*Trying to get away from the subject, looks at his watch.*) They ought to be here by now.

MARION: Oh, I forgot to tell you. I invited Mrs. Blakemore half an hour ahead of the others. It's so much more cosy that way.

(*Looks about the room with a hostess' last look before her guests arrive.*)

Well, I'm glad it looks nice. Whatever she may think of me, she must admit that I have trained you well for her.

STANTON (*angry and pleading*): For Heaven's sake, Marion——

MARION: This is a dear old room. I quite envy you the fun of fitting up all over again. Of course, you'll have up your new crest.

STANTON: Crest?

MARION: Yes. Crossed hearts above an automobile rampant! She'd like that, wouldn't she?

MARION: Oh! (*Cut to the quick, draws back sharply just as the bell rings.*)

Mrs. Blakemore! Goodness!

(*In sudden panic, fumbles with her hair.*)

I know I look a fright. I'll—I'll just run away a minute.

(*Pause for final dig.*)

You won't really mind—and what would she think if she caught us alone together!

(*Exits hurriedly, and looking back as Stanton hastily fumbles with his coat, straightens his tie and begins fixing himself all over again for Mrs. Blakemore.*)

WILSON (*announcing*): Mrs. Blakemore!

(*Mrs. Blakemore enters. She is an extremely attractive looking woman in her early thirties, rather large, somewhat voluptuous.*)

STANTON (*shaking hands*): Charming as usual, Mrs. Blakemore. (*In lower key*) It's great to see you.

(*Wilson, being a perfect butler, knowing all the family secrets, is determined not to miss this meeting. He begins fumbling with the curtains.*)

MRS. BLAKEMORE (*with lifted eyebrows*): I fear I am early—Mrs. Stanton——

STANTON (*hastily*): Mrs. Stanton will be down directly. She—is——

MRS. BLAKEMORE (*lightly*): Arming for the fray?

(*Wilson at left lets out an involuntary gasp.*)

STANTON (*looking across the room sternly at Wilson*): That curtain is all right, Wilson.

WILSON: Yes, sir.

(*In absolute silence crosses the room slowly and begins to busy himself over the small fire in fireplace.*)

MARGARET ANGLIN AS KATHERINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"
Miss Anglin, who recently completed a tour through Australia, is at present traveling in Europe. She will return to America this summer

STANTON (*irritably*): There's nothing the matter with that, Wilson.
WILSON: Yes, sir.
(*Straightens, looks at the room, trying to find some other excuse for staying.*)
STANTON (*sternly*): Tell Mrs. Stanton that Mrs. Blakemore has arrived.
WILSON (*with emphasis, showing complete disapproval*): Yes, sir.
(*Exits slowly in silence.*)
MRS. BLAKEMORE: What a perfect servant!
STANTON (*carelessly*): Yes, excellent. (*Eagerly*) You do look bully to-night, Puss.
MRS. BLAKEMORE (*drops into sofa. Lazily*): You silly boy! Do you suppose I should have come otherwise?
(*Mrs. Blakemore's manner towards Stanton is lazily, sensuously encouraging. Pause.*)
Do you think Mrs. Stanton will like me, Howard?
STANTON (*embarrassed. Gets chair and sits*): We—ah—I don't see——
MRS. BLAKEMORE (*reproachfully*): Where have you been keeping yourself? What have you been doing? One whole week! It isn't altogether fair to make yourself essential, then—pouf! disappear. Besides, I've been dying of curiosity to say the least.
STANTON (*flattered*): I didn't realize I was so altogether essential.
MRS. BLAKEMORE: Perhaps you're not. (*With a look that means you are.*)
It was your wife I wished to know about.
STANTON (*somewhat crestfallen and conscience-stricken*): Oh, my wife! She's all right.
MRS. BLAKEMORE (*reading his mood*): You do look handsome to-night, Howard. I have always thought you were about the best looking man I ever saw in evening clothes—always immaculate——
(*Pause. Looks at him suddenly.*)
But that tie!
STANTON: What's the matter with it? (*Fumbles with tie.*)
MRS. BLAKEMORE: No, no. You make it worse—if possible. You do need a woman. Let me!
(*Comes over, begins tying tie.*)
WILSON (*appearing, stops astounded; coughs loudly. Mrs. Blakemore and Stanton step apart guiltily. With meaning*): Mrs. Stanton desires to say that she will be down at once, sir.
STANTON (*holding hand over untied tie*): Very well, Wilson.
(*Exit Wilson.*)
STANTON (*to Mrs. Blakemore*): Please—quick——
(*Mrs. Blakemore hastily retues the tie; Stanton with his head twisted, watching the door.*)
(*With relief*): Thanks!
MRS. BLAKEMORE (*looking him over*): It takes a woman to really tie a tie. That's splendid!

The guests arrive for the dinner, and Howard gradually learns that his acquaintance with Mrs. Blakemore has been preceded by that of every other man guest present.

BOB: Well, this is going to be a h——ll of a party!
MARION (*reprovingly*): Bobby!
(*Mrs. Blakemore and Whitney enter with Stanton. Marion turns quickly.*)
Oh, Mrs. Blakemore, may I present my brother? Mr. Robert Livingston.
(*Mrs. Blakemore is for the moment stunned. Bob looks like a born fool. She and Bob stare at each other. Mrs. Blakemore recovers first.*)
MRS. BLAKEMORE (*assuming great cordiality of manner*): Why, Mr. Livingston—what an unexpected pleasure!
(*Comes forward, holding out her hand.*)
BOB (*all up in the air*): How—how—are—how are you?
(*Snaps the last three words out as if he would like to hit her with them.*)
MRS. BLAKEMORE: This is a delightful coincidence.
MARION: I'm so glad you like it. (*Meaningly*) There are some other guests coming.
MRS. BLAKEMORE: You are a charming hostess, Mrs. Stanton. One would think you tried to find all my old friends.

White — The Woman (Katharine Kaelred) — The Husband (Robert Hilliard)

Act II. The Woman likens the love of the Vampire to the red rose

SCENE IN PORTER EMERSON BROWN'S PLAY "A FOOL THERE WAS" AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

MARION: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Blakemore. But this is such a small dinner, I couldn't hope to have all your old friends.
MRS. BLAKEMORE: Of course not—— (*quickly realizing her break*): I didn't have an idea Mr. Livingston was your brother.
MARION: No? When did you meet Mrs. Blakemore, Bobby?
BOB: Er—ah—er—ah—it was——
MARION: Indeed?
BOB (*desperately to Mrs. Blakemore*): When was it?
MRS. BLAKEMORE: Why you remember—last winter a year ago—Atlanta.
MARION: Oh, Atlanta?
BOB: To be sure—Atlanta.
MARION: Why, I thought, Bobby, last winter a year ago you were at Palm Beach rescuing some unknown beautiful young woman from drowning.
BOB: Er—yes—oh, oh, yes, so I was.
(*Mrs. Blakemore gives him a venomous look, which Bob catches and desperately tries to cover himself.*)
But I met Mrs. Blakemore after that.
MRS. BLAKEMORE: In Atlanta——
(*Sees the scene is getting beyond her, turns to the other men*)
I believe I left my fan in the conservatory.
WHITNEY: Let me get it.
MRS. BLAKEMORE: A good suggestion—I can't possibly choose between you—I'll take you both.
(*Turns up stage with the two men, then speaks over shoulder to Bob*)
See you later, Mrs. Livingston.
BOB: Yes—oh, yes.
(*Mrs. Blakemore and the two men exit towards conservatory. Bob watches them in a dazed, horrified fashion, then turns to Marion*)
Marion, this is horrible! What's going to happen? If Salie finds out——
SALIE (*re-entering with Mrs. Livingston*): Marion, that table is perfectly lovely—I got a splendid idea. Oh, our first dinner, Bobby, will be a regular sensation. We'll have everybody you have to-night, Marion. I'll make it a sensation.

(*Continued on page x*)

Some Curious Premières

SIXTEEN years ago, coming next August, a great audience assembled in the Garden Theatre, New York, to welcome Loie Fuller back from Europe, where she had attained a tremendous vogue as a sensational skirt dancer. Notwithstanding the drawbacks of a hot night and a noisy theatre because of doors left open, the people were what is called "representative," and arrived in a manifestly welcoming mood. Yet this first night ranks high in the list of theatrical horrors. Before Miss Fuller had made her re-entrance the venture in which she was financially involved had fallen upon irretrievable disaster.

The people had come, in the first place, to see Miss Fuller; unconsciously they resented the arrangement of the program as they unfolded it and saw that she was far down the list. They resigned themselves, however, to the acceptance of a comedy and an "emotional" comedy as well, also to some individual numbers which preceded the appearance of the star, and fanned meekly away while Mr. Guy Standing and Miss Isabella Urquhart (then Mrs. Standing) did all that could be done with a perfectly fatuous curtain raiser called "A Morning Call." At least the actors got away with languid applause.

Immediately followed the so-called emotional comedy, "Another Visit." This was a translation from Brandis by William Archer, the action of which was supposed to pass in the Island of Furen, and a note on the bill informed us that the curtain would go down for two seconds during the piece. It did better. It went down unexpectedly, and never went up again on that comedy in New York.

The scene opened in the hall of a country house with a "roaring" fire (although stage fires never "roar"), around which hovered Mr. John Kellard as Kai Neergaard, and Mr. Paul Arthur as Emil Repholt. The big open fire set the audience to feeling hotter, and the long conversation in undertones between the two men made them wriggle in their seats. Finally Mr. Kellard rose, and, walking down stage, remarked: "After all, what have we been talking about? Nothing."

Immediately several exasperated voices cried from the auditorium: "That's right, John, that's right. It was nothing, and we didn't hear a word."

This was sufficiently startling, but Mr. Kellard's remark was meant for a cue for Miss Olga Brandon's entrance. She took it, and immediately on catching sight of her husband's guest, for she was Mrs. Neergaard in the play, she toppled over in a dead faint.

An inexplicable bit of business this proved to be to an audience who had neither heard nor tried to hear what led up to it. Shrieks of laughter and dolorous catcalls came from all over the house. The derisive spirit was infectious and spread throughout the bored audience. Well-dressed men and women, usually decorous in manner, also shouted and screamed, whistled and stamped until the curtain went down with a rush on three demoralized actors.

Nor was the fun over. Mr. Kellard, white through his grease paint and trembling with indignation, emerged before the curtain and began to make a speech. He had not got further than the statement that "Never in his career had he been subjected to insult before," when the storm broke out anew. In vain he tried to stem it, his voice couldn't be heard, and he was forced to retire.

A shift was quickly made in the program, and after a wait long enough for the audience to regain control of itself, Miss Fuller appeared and made a personal success. But the entertainment, as a whole, was already doomed, and before the week was out Miss Fuller was dancing an entr'acte diversion at other theatres, and her company of "celebrities organized in Europe" had disbanded.

"The Seats of the Mighty," made from the novel of the same name by Gilbert Parker, not yet knighted, had a very brief run in New York. The novels of this author do not appear to stand transportation to the theatre as well as some of his contemporaries. At least those which have been dramatized have proved either failures or but half successes. When Mr. Beerbohm Tree decided to produce the play mentioned he had so much confidence in the version which had been arranged for the theatre that he went, contrary to every adviser, and made his New York début in it, instead of in "Trilby," as he had originally intended.

Sarony

IRMA LA PIERRE
As Lady Helen with Al H. Wilson in "When Old New York Was Dutch"

Mr. Tree gave the piece, according to his custom, a more than adequate production, and in the first act presented a gorgeous and apparently faithful picture of the French Court preceding the Revolution. In this scene fifty persons appeared arrayed in costly laces and velvets, but of them all it was possible for the hardened theatregoer to identify not more than two, Marie Antoinette because she wore a crown, and Mr. Tree because he was himself. In the effort to learn the mere names of the other characters there ensued so much diligent study of the program that few persons heard the dialogue.

The audience did not concern itself greatly over this loss, because the scene in the drawing room at Versailles was merely a prologue. When the action really began, people said, they would become acquainted with the characters. Alas, their hopes proved ill founded. When the curtain rose again, it was upon a scene as crowded, but with people with an entirely new set of names. It was a noisy act also, where things happened that seemed to be unaccounted for, and where Mr. Tree, with his thread of a voice, had to try continually to quell a yelling mob. The story was entirely lost before this act had worn itself out, and the audience gave signs of inattention.

When the curtain rose on the next act and again a new set of people, people at least with new names and different clothes, had to come on and do or say things without explanation, the audience began to melt away. In twos and threes, in half-dozens, they passed down the aisles. Some people remained, of course, but their persistence may be explained by the remark that the late Governor Flower made to the women of his party who urged him to leave.

"No," said Mr. Flower, "I won't go, I *can't* go until I find out who *she* is, and what relation he is to her, and he to it."

Although these obscure points never were cleared up, there were brave souls in the house who stayed on to the bitter end in the vain hope that they might be. The final curtain fell about midnight on a house which, only a quarter full, at the start of the play had been crowded.

One sad feature which stands out lugubriously among so many on this first night was the presence of the author, who sat in solitude in the very front of the "stage box" at the beginning of the performance. In the second act he had drawn his chair into a less exposed position, and before the end of the third act had disappeared from view.

MAY SCHEIDER
Young American coloratura singer, sister of a New York broker, who has just appeared with great success in Zurich in the title rôle of "Traviata"

On the night following the theatre was dark, and when it was relighted Mr. Tree appeared successfully as Svengali. He did not take the verdict of New York on "The Seats of the Mighty" as final, but presented the piece later in the season in London, where it was received with a tempest of "boos."

Mr. Marion Crawford can afford to laugh at the horror of his first night as a dramatic author, considering his subsequent success in the theatre. He made his bow in that capacity with "Dr. Claudius," dramatized by himself with the assistance of Mr. Harry St. Maur, who also played a part in the ill-fated comedy. Mr. St. Maur has "gone on" beyond the stings of earthly critics, but in the veins of both authors the criticisms published on this play rankled like an active poison. The book, itself sufficiently callow, had been made more so in the stage version, and the speeches put into the mouths of the leading characters were so infinitely pointless and couched in language so silly that the audience early in the first act wondered if it had heard aright. Before the curtain rose on the second act it was in a state dangerous for author and actor alike—ready to scream with hysterical laughter over scenes that were plainly intended to arouse serious, if not deep, feelings. If the authors had been willing to accept the response of this audience they would have measured their wonderful capacity for unsatisfactory dramatic writing. Their attempts at wit and humor fell upon silence while their love scenes and emotional scenes were greeted with derisive applause and shrieks of wild, uncontrollable laughter. This laughter was unmanning; hisses would have been a hundred times more acceptable.

When at length the puppets were set ruthlessly aside and Dr. Claudius was permitted to reveal himself in a quite infantile sententiousness, fondly judged by the audience to be instructive, the audience took his verbosity as a personal affront. At one period of the play it looked as if several persons in the audience had got up to vent their wrath and scorn. One looked involuntarily for the police. But the city was New York, and the good-humored tolerance of an audience there is proverbial. These indignant people were only looking for their galoshes preparatory to leaving Dr. Claudius to his fate.

A dismal fate it was. The final curtain started down amid profound silence.

WILLIS STEELL.

Millicent Rendell (Ruth Maycliffe) Billy Rendell (Ralph Morgan) George Goodale (Charles Cherry) Hilda (Janet Beecher)
Act I. Billy: "Rats . . . you're gone on Goodale" Act II. Goodale: "You're a sort of female Sunny Jim"
SCENES IN CLYDE FITCH'S COMEDY "THE BACHELOR" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

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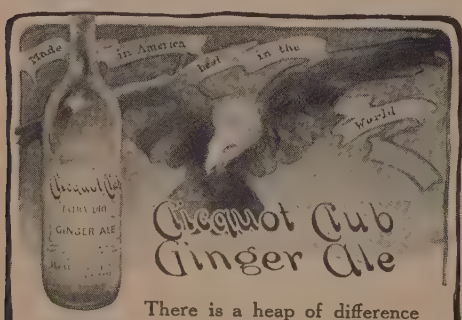

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The New Plays

(Continued from page 138)

BELASCO. "GOING SOME." Comedy in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. Produced April 12th with this cast:

J. Wallingford Speed, Lawrence Wheat; "Larry" Glass, Walter Jones; Berkeley Fresno, Herbert Cothell; Culver Covington, C. H. West; Jack Chapin, Jr., T. J. Karrigan; Jeanne Chapin, Muriel Starr; Helen Blake, Oza Waldorp; Mrs. Roberta Keap, Laura Lemmers; "Still" Bill Stover, George K. Henery; Auererio Maria Carara, E. L. Fernandez; Cloudy, Aug. Glassmeir; Willie, George Leach; Ah Sing Ho, W. Tammany Young; Mariedetta, Crosby Little; "Gabby" Gallagher, Hugh Cameron; Skinner, William Harrigan.

There is pleasing novelty in a full-blooded farce that is not "adapted from" some European source; in a Cowboy-Mexican play that is not crude melodrama, and in a stage college-athlete who is not a hero. These are a few of the negative qualities for which we may cordially commend "Going Some," by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach.

It is about a college boy named Speed, who wears sporting togs and committee badges, and knows all the yells, but who in real athletics is what can be best described in the jargon of his own set as a "four-flusher." The girls "fall for" him down East; but out on the Flying Heart Ranch, in New Mexico, the cowboys and other homicidal gentry who have bet their belongings on Speed to vanquish Skinner of the Centipede Ranch in a foot-race, demand a show-down in terms that there is no gainsaying. The real college sprinter, Culver Covington, whom Speed counts upon to arrive at the eleventh hour and frolic away with the race, turns up at the right moment—but with a broken toe! In addition to this little annoyance, there are sentimental complications which the college boys and girls take far more seriously than they do the sporting contest—though to the cowboy contingent this latter is in literal fact a deadly earnest matter. Speed knows that he belies his name as a runner, and anyway he is in no mood for exertion, while Fresno, the glee-club tenor, is continually singing *Dearie* to his (Speed's) onliest girl. Evidently something has got to happen—and that something is what the audience waits for in eager, hilarious suspense through four swift acts. When it comes, it comes right—Skinner has been "fixed" to fall down in the race, he honorably fulfils his dishonorable bargain, Speed wins by a thrilling fluke, the cowboys get back their cherished guns and the phonograph that sings *The Holy City*, and Speed gets the girl—who, being the piquant Oza Waldorp, is a convincing cause for all the anguish, joy and rapture involved.

Walter Jones, as the athletic coach and walking slang compendium, who is "hep" to everything, carries off almost stellar honors in a cast that is exceptionally good throughout. He has put on some weight, physically, since the glad old Casino and vaudeville days, but his comedy is more light and catching than ever, and he seems to have attained a full artistic stature, which makes his return to Broadway doubly welcome.

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GAIETY. "THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced April 12th with this cast:

Sir John Cotswold, Bart., J. E. Dobson; Lady Cotswold, Ruth Chester; Cecil Cotswold, William J. Kelley; Ulrica Cotswold, Mabel Roebuck; Vining, A. T. Hendon; Captain Trevor, W. J. Sams; Sir Isaac Jacobson, M.P., Thomas Findlay; Lady Jacobson, Eleanore Moretti; Adrian Jacobson, Regan Hughston; Esther Jacobson, Fania Marinoff; Maximilian, Charles Diem.

It is not the unusual thing that an actor's highest fame comes to him over night and in an unexpected degree. He may have been obscure or his qualities may have been generally recognized, but the opportunity for the decisive achievement may not have arrived. When it comes he leaps forward and gains a distinction which can never be undone. This is the case with Mr. Dodson in "The House Next Door." The play itself would not leave a profound impression. It would commend itself to every sound intelligence, for it contains the same truths of brotherhood set forth in Lessing's "Nathan, the Wise." Such teaching is wholesome, and in the Lessing play it is absolutely conclusive. In effect, "The House Next Door" is pure comedy, with touches of emotion which reach the heart. It is extremely entertaining because of the domination in it throughout of Mr. Dodson in the character of Sir John Cotswold, Bart., with that pride of race, ancestry and social position which perhaps only an Englishman holds with such unalterable and even fierce tenacity.

Sir John lives with his wife, son and daughter in a modest house which formerly belonged to the family estate. This estate has been lost

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through his own incapacity and lack of thrift, and is now owned by Sir Isaac Jacobson, M.P., who had risen to rank and wealth by the sheer force of his ability. Sir John, as represented by Mr. Dodson, who is amusing at every moment when he is on the stage and who loses no time in amusing us on his first entrance, is punctilious, a martinet, a small, peppery man, utterly oblivious of such small details in life as the means of living. He indulges himself with the best of cigars when his family feel the pinch of poverty. His daughter, by her own efforts, contributes to the maintenance of the family. The rent has not been paid for six months. The son just made an enormous success as a singer. It develops that he owes his musical education, which has cost a considerable sum of money, to a generous benefactor. Sir John has been so much engrossed in his own narrow selfishness that he has not taken the trouble to inform himself about his son's studies. This benefactor is Sir Isaac Jacobson, who has a son and daughter. Naturally enough, both in life and in this story, the young people of the neighboring families fall desparately in love.

With these conditions and with these entanglements the play proceeds. It is plain from the start that comedy must prevail. The foundation for it is too solidly laid in the first act for the play to take any other turn. The situation, it is true, is in the nature of a problem, but the first act is almost entirely devoted to a family scene at Sir John's. In it we have a character built up with so many minute touches that we know Sir John too well to expect to do anything but laugh at his outburst of rage when he discovers some of the facts in the case. He is discovering new facts gradually until the curtain falls. The old man is really quarreling with everything and everybody without reason until he finally quarrels with himself with some reason, and admits that he has been too narrow; so that when he finds himself alone at home, his son and daughter having gone to their neighbors in order to break off their engagements, according to the command of their father, he suddenly resolves to go to "the house next door" and make friends.

WEBER'S. "THE CLIMAX." Play in three acts by Edward Locke. Produced at matinées only with this cast:

Luigi Golfanti, Albert Bruning; Pietro Golfanti, Effingham A. Pinto; John Raymond, William Lewers; Adelina von Hagen, Leona Watson.

It is always hazardous to judge a play by its title. One might suppose "The Climax," by Edward Locke, put on at Weber's Theatre for afternoon performances only, to be a problem play, or a muck-raker, or almost anything, except what it really is. It is that rara avis in Broadway theatredom,—a novelty. Its novelty is twofold—consisting, first, in its simplicity, there being but four characters in the piece, with a single set scene for its entire three acts; and, secondly, in that it is a musical play in which there is real music, composed specially for it, and actually sung and played by the persons to whom it is assigned in the story, instead of being faked and "vamped" in a way that could scarcely fool an audience made up of the inmates of a deaf-dumb-and-blind asylum. Moreover, there is in it an application of the "new thought," or mental suggestion idea, which is not bad. A young girl with a voice has come to New York to be coached for an operatic career by an old music master who is in some way her distant relative, and who has a talented and temperamental son named Pietro. This son starts in composing "soul songs" for Adelina to sing, and thereby rouses the jealousy of young Doctor Raymond, who used to know the budding prima donna out in Azalea, O. The doctor wishes Adelina had never had a voice, for then she might have given him some encouragement in his love suit. Proceeding on this suggestion, he pretends to have a professional associate perform an operation on the girl's vocal cords, and then hypnotizes her into the delusion that her voice is gone. Just as she is about to consent to marry him, as a desperate alternative to committing suicide, the golden voice comes back, and pours forth in full-throated melody to poor Pietro's piano accompaniment in his *Song of the Soul.* Yet even this does not help the young musician any, except spiritually and artistically, for as the last curtain goes down we are made to understand, with a certain feeling of disappointment, that all is not yet over between Adelina and the surgical wooer, who was jealous of her art.

Leona Watson, who is young, slight, pretty, and emotional, has a sweet, flexible voice, under considerable artistic control. What a paragon, to be snatched from the obscurity of the provincial "stocks"! William Lewers plays the renegade doctor so realistically that one can't help despising him. Effingham Pinto, the genuine boy

(Continued on page xi)

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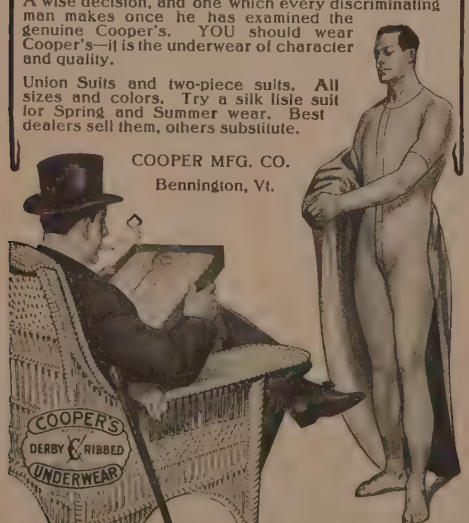

Paris Successes

(*Continued from page 142*)

book, are received with enthusiasm, and each night several of the numbers are encored. The period of the opera is 1794, the story dealing with a republican soldier, who, rising to the rank of general, is thrown into the society of a young aristocratic lady who, for her father's sake, ultimately consents to marry him. This account of the plot is given by the Paris correspondent of the London *Stage:*

"Marquis de Beaucigny soon learns that his life is threatened, but he manages, before the revolutionaries have invaded his property, to escape, and to obtain an audience of the king. Not finding the marquis, the invaders are confronted by a young girl, Solange, the marquis' daughter, who, by her father's order, has been fetched from her convent. The patriots wish to retain Solange as hostage, but on hearing a military band in the distance, which means that troops are advancing, the leader, Bornier, makes a proposition to his comrades to marry the girl so as to be sure of keeping her. The troops acquiesce, and the contract is drawn up. Solange has consented because Bornier has pointed out to her that it is the only way of saving her father's life. Moved, however, by a generous impulse, after avowing a real affection for Solange, Bornier tears up the contract, and confides the girl to the care of the faithful Germain for her to be taken to her father. In the next act we are at Worms in 1800, in the midst of a group of emigrants, to whom the marquis is giving lessons in French. Saint-Landry, the fiancé of Solange, instructs them in deportment, and Solange herself is a milliner. A French general comes in, for the town, having arranged a ball in his honor, the general wants a new plume for his hat, and in the saleswoman he recognizes the Solange with whom he signed a marriage contract. Both pretend to have forgotten the past, but the truth comes out. In the third act, which takes place in the Marquis' residence in Paris, we find the Marquis again conspiring, without, as it were, knowing the exact situation. Presently, when he thinks victory is his, the police come in for the purpose of arresting him. Once more does Bornier save him, and by way of reward he obtains the love of Solange.

"A Woman's Way"

(*Continued from page 164*)

In the last act Howard is brought to a realization of his wife's worth, and there is an amusing scene when the reporter, still on the trail of a story, comes to the house sure he is on the right track this time, but Marion is too much for him. She introduces Mrs. Blakemore as her friend, thus avoiding a scandal. Mrs. Blakemore thanks Marion for saving her from notoriety.

MRS. BLAKEMORE: You had it in your power to make a very ugly scandal, and you saved me. I am powerless. Your generosity beats me.

MARION: Don't rest on that misapprehension, Mrs. Blakemore. Did you think I did that for you? Do you think I could have done it merely for you?

MRS. BLAKEMORE: At any rate, you saved me—the effect is the same—I am beaten by your generosity—I cannot fight the woman who saved me. I withdraw. I give you your husband.

MARION: I knew it when he let me stand there with my arms about you—you give me my husband—no, indeed, Mrs. Blakemore—I don't want him—I give him to you.

MRS. BLAKEMORE: Very well, Mrs. Stanton, I accept——

STANTON: No—Marion, you can't give me up—I'm your husband. I love you—I want you—you only—you always. (*Turns to Mrs. Blakemore*) Oh, my eyes are opened now—I've been a fool—a dazzled fool, but now I see clearly—you've done that—you've opened my eyes—you've showed me what a splendid woman my wife is—thank you, Mrs. Blakemore, for teaching me—and good-night.

MARION (*to Mrs. Blakemore*): No—I'm through—take him—I give him to you—— (*Exits quickly.*)

MRS. BLAKEMORE: Not for mine, you'll get all that's coming to you after I'm gone. Good-night, my friends, a pleasant evening and good luck. (*Exits.*) (*Marion enters.*)

MARION: Has she gone?

STANTON: Who?

MARION: Puss.

STANTON: Oh, she's not my puss.

MARION: Not your puss, Howard, then who's puss is she?

STANTON: God knows—maybe. Marion, I want you to take me back.

MARION: Take you back? Why I've never given you up. Do you think I could stand for that cat—puss, I mean—in the house, and me off in Reno?

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The New Plays

(*Continued from page ix*)

pianist-composer, is another managerial find. Albert Brunning, whose long suit is character, makes the old music master a wonderful composite, who looks like Warfield's Von Barwig, and talks Italian macaroni with Spanish trimmings and a Houston Street Hungarian accent. He is rather touchingly sympathetic, though, after you get used to him.

GARRICK. "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE." Comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch. Produced April 12th with this cast:

Joan Thornton, Doris Keane; Frederick Thornton, Edwin Arden; Charles Thornton, Albert Hackett; Paul Mayne, Milton Sills; W. D. Granger, Frank Gheen; Mrs. Ryton, Grace Goodall; Annie, May Donahue; Mayne's Valet, C. A. Chandos; The Butler, Dudley Digges.

Mr. Fitch's newest play is another astonishing example of his expertness in his craft. This expertness does not completely explain the ease with which he supplies managers and stars with plays on demand and at short notice, but it completes the explanation. The play, "The Happy Marriage," is in no degree remarkable for its invention of the story of the action, for substantially we have had the same thing in other forms. Mr. Fitch's observations of life are certainly not superficial. They are too true and minute for that. The inconsistencies and caprices and sentiment and points of view and characteristics of the feminine mind seem to be an open book to him. The result in this play is that the action is almost constantly diverting. The husband and the interloper are as well characterized as the women, for that matter. But with all the skill and all the truth as to details in the play there is a lack of sincerity of conviction or of any other purpose than to entertain. In this sense the play is shallow. Many American plays have been seen in which a wife neglected by a husband absorbed in business elopes, or is about to elope, with another man, but they are all serious plays, and are based on possible conditions in our life. But this is a comedy, and this capricious creature is foreign to us. She is French. The circumstances of the play and many of its incidents are not American. We do not wish to imply that the play is not entirely original with Mr. Fitch. In point of fact, there is not the slightest appearance of patchwork about it. It seems to be as much an effusion of his art and his characteristic capability as anything he has ever written. From the very story which we have given, it is obvious that the play is unsatisfactory, and yet if it were practicable to set forth here in detail the incidents and the multifarious "business" in the play we might give some idea of the diverting nature of the piece. The young wife is not convincing in any way, not even in the silliness and capriciousness of her character. She is innocent, and she is not innocent. She is charming, and yet we have no sympathy with her. She is finally reconciled to her husband, and yet we cannot believe that she will stay reconciled to him. Miss Doris Keane as this young wife, gained a secure foothold on our stage with her performance, and may be satisfied with the assurance of a career. She has individuality, but her powers are seemingly limited to comedy, with an occasional touch of pathos. Mr. Edwin Arden as the husband gave a performance signalized by his well-known effectiveness.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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HERALD SQUARE. "THE BEAUTY SPOT." Musical play in two acts. Book by Joseph W. Herbert. Music by Reginald de Koven. Produced April 10th with this cast:

General Samovar, Jefferson De Angelis; Nikolas Kromeski, Alf De Ball; Baron Lecocq, W. H. Denny; Jacques Baccarel, George J. MacFarlane; Chickoree, Frank Doane; Victor, Harry Tebbutt; Gustave, Francis Tyler; Jean, Morgan Williams; Paul, Frank Kelley; Commissionaire, Mr. Maxwell; Waiter, Mr. Smith; Nichette, Viola Gillette; Countess Nitsky, Jean Newcomb; Pomare, Isabel De Armond; Nadine, Marguerite Clark; Zulieka, Estelle Baldwin; Naouma, Grace Benedict; Mimi, Arline Le Crosse; Ninette, Muriel Harmon; Samis, Bertha Blake; Sadhu, Eileen Kearney; Sybille, Lillian Wiggins; Sorrell, Alice Lazar; Sarinne, Ellen Beckwith; Suzanne, Susie Pitt; Shanley, Grace Walton; Shirley, Elizabeth Brandel.

Any piece that offers tuneful music, an amusing book, clever comedians, a dainty and charming prima donna, and an abundance of pretty chorus girls, can depend upon Broadway's patronage. "The Beauty Spot" possessing all these essentials, there is every indication of the new musical play holding the boards of the Herald Square Theatre until well into the summer. The story concerns Nadine (Marguerite Clark), daughter of General Samovar (Jefferson De Angelis), who loves an artist named Baccarel. Unfortunately, Nadine has been engaged since her infancy to her cousin, Nikolas Kromeski, of Borneo. Her father forbids Nadine to see the

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If you have never used the GILLETTE now is the time to get acquainted.

You can shave yourself in from two to five minutes with the GILLETTE—a clean, satisfying shave. *No stropping, no honing.*

The pocket-case is of gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved in floral and Empire designs. Inside the pocket-case are *handle* and *blade box*—triple silver-plated or 14K. gold plated. Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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NO STROPPING NO HONING

The Only Suspenders for Summer Wear

that insure perfect support, with coolness, comfort and entire freedom of motion, are the

LIGHT-WEIGHT LISLE
PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS

No matter how you bend, turn or twist, the sliding action of the cord in the back (an exclusive feature) permits instant adjustment to your new position and takes every bit of strain from your shoulders and trouser buttons.

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760 Main Street SHIRLEY, MASS.

Housecleaning this Spring is Different

THE OLD WAY

The ***Ideal Vacuum Cleaner***

GET ONE FOR YOUR SPRING CLEANING BEFORE TOO LATE

It Eats Up the Dirt

THE NEW WAY

You Don't Have to Pound the Dust Out

The terrors of the old primitive way of housecleaning—of ripping up and tearing down, of carrying to and fro and out and in, of endless confusion and toil and drudgery—all are now abolished.

Keep Your Carpets and Rugs on the Floor!
Keep Your Wall Decorations Hanging!
Keep Your Upholstered Furniture in its Place!

Right where they are, the **THE IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** will lift out of them, by its suction force, every particle of dirt and dust and every germ, moth and egg of vermin. It will renovate everything in your home. It will make everything clean, wholesome, sanitary and sweet—outside and in and through and through.

Everybody Can Afford It

Completely equipped for hand operation, the ***IDEAL*** Vacuum Cleaner ***COSTS ONLY $25.*** Equipped with electric motor for direct current, $55; for alternating current, $60. The motor is of the best standard type. It uses only about two cents' worth of electricity an hour. All you have to do is to attach it to your electric light fixture.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the ***IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER*** in time, labor, health and actual money that its small price is quickly returned many times over.

Anybody Can Operate It

Operated either by hand or electric motor, the ***IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER*** does the work of power plants costing a thousand dollars and upwards, and does it better and with more convenience. No skill needed either to use or maintain it.

The hand machine puts no tax on the strength—your eight-year-old boy might well scorn the task as too easy—compared with sweeping, it is play. The electric motor is not a necessity, but a luxury.

THE OLD WAY

CHANGE IN PRICE—After June first next, the price of each motor equipped cleaner will be increased $5.00.

Why pound the life out of your carpets and rugs under the mistaken notion that you are pounding the dirt out of them? Or why send your valuable fabrics away to be treated you don't know how?

The ***Ideal Vacuum Cleaner*** *renovates every time it cleans. Its cost is less than what is ordinarily paid a professional renovator for just one cleaning. And it remains to serve you all the year 'round.*

Send your order for one of these valuable machines at once. Our Free Illustrated Booklet tells a story that will mean ***a new era*** in your home. Write for it to-day.

THE NEW WAY

The **AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York**

Don't Injure Your Hair with Old-Fashioned Irons; Use

The "DEL" Electric Curling Iron

You can surpass the work of any skilled hair dresser who uses an old-fashioned curling iron.

The only detachable curling iron ever invented. The "Del" has nothing to get out of order—nothing to break or bend—offers no chance to scorch the hair or burn the fingers. No soot or smoke from gas or lamp to soil the hair. No fear of making the hair coarse or brittle. The "Del" saves all these and beautifies the hair, for its **electric heat instills new life, while its highly polished surface imparts a glowing lustre.** The "Del" is easily attached to any ordinary electric light fixture, and so simple any lady can use it. It makes more **beautiful and lustrous Marcel Waves, Curls and Pompadours** than is possible with any old-fashioned curling iron and causes the hair to remain in curl for several days longer.

The "Del" is quickly heated from the inside—evenly heated from end to end at just the proper degree for hair dressing. The heat is retained to allow the iron to be detached and used in another room if desired. It never heats in spots and cannot be overheated to scorch or injure the hair like the ordinary iron. You will be surprised and delighted to find how quickly, easily and perfectly you can dress your hair in the latest fashion with the "Del."

Try the "Del" 5 Days at Our Expense

Then, if you are willing to part with it, send it back—we'll pay express both ways—and cheerfully refund your money. Price of the "Del" is $3.75, express prepaid. Send to us if your local dealer or electric station cannot supply you.

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Liquid Rouge

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June Weddings

No form of invitation is so closely scrutinized by the recipient as a wedding invitation. It is, therefore, most important that wedding invitations should conform to social customs in appearance, wording, engraving and stock. For years

Crane's Wedding Papers

have had the approval of society, because for years society has found nothing else so distinctly appropriate for the purpose in every way.

You of course want the best and want your friends to know you are using the best.

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They can be had wherever good stationery is sold.

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is a writing paper that has, for years, conformed to the highest standard of quality and has been the most successful in attaining the so-called fabric finish.

It can now be had in the Parisian colorings, "Daybreak Pink," "Willow Green" and "Orchid" at all stores where good stationery is sold.

Look for the "Crane" water-mark.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

artist because of the latter's bad art. Baccarel has a picture called The Beauty Spot, posed by Nichette, a model, who later married the General. Nikolas, the cousin, arrives, bringing with him his Borneo wife, Pomare. In order to deceive the general, Baccarel calls himself Nikolas, the real Nikolas passing for the artist. The confusion of identities is kept up until finally the General is pacified and allows the artists and Nadine to wed. Mr. De Angelis is a born comedian, and while he is on the stage there is constant joy. His drollery is irresistible, and he has several songs that win nightly encores. He is ably seconded by Marguerite Clark, who sings and dances delightfully. Isabel D'Armond makes a charming Pomare, and George McFarland is funny as the artist. The management has been most lavish in its expenditures for costumes and mise-en-scène.

GARDEN. "THE CONFLICT." Drama in four acts by Maurice V. Samuels. Produced March 29th with this cast:

Raphael de Valentin, Robert Drouet; Cesare Resapha, N. Sheldon Lewis; Antonin Guerbert, Harry E. de Lasaux; John Bodie, Harry Leighton; François Picot, Edmund W. Lyons; Fedora Warona, Helen Robertson; Berenice Dorian, Florence Lester; Madame Dorian, Helen Beresford; Jacques Plaisance, Romaine Fielding.

When one essays to be a descendant of Balzac and forthwith proceeds to undo his paternity he is entering upon devious ways. Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin," commonly known as "The Wild Ass' Skin," is a fantastic and yet philosophical story of absorbing interest. Mr. Samuels in his dramatization of it entitled "The Conflict," after the first act, departs so widely from Balzac that the most valuable dramatic possibilities are destroyed, and the entire spirit is dissipated. It becomes a thing of gloom. Mr. Robert Drouet as Raphael, who now controls the magic properties of the fatal gift until it shall shrink and disappear, is at once afflicted with a malaria of soul, mind and body, and during the whole time of the action uses his art to depict a character deprived of all manliness, hopeless, morbid and ill. The story of the play takes Raphael, a young man whose fortune has been squandered, and who is about to commit suicide when night comes by throwing himself into the river, to the antiquarian shop of old Resapha. The antiquarian is moved to give him a magic skin, the Arabic inscription on which promises the fulfilment of every wish, but that it will diminish in size with each wish and shorten the life of the possessor of it. He wishes that a heartless woman with whom he is infatuated, so far to his ruin, may love him and he scorn her. This comes about. Then the play goes to pieces. He sells a literary masterpiece of his own to an ignorant, wealthy, but ambitious contractor. The episode has no proper bearing on the action. It does not intensify the morbidness and malaria of Raphael. A young Californian is introduced, a promoter of gold mines, and Raphael becomes his partner. Why should he turn speculator? Why should an independent action be started making us doubt the success of the speculation? The skin of the magical wild ass is out of it. Possibly the theory is that when the play is over he will be in possession of a fortune of his own procuring without the knowledge of the wild ass. He is in a desperate state. He has done an unmanly, but possibly practical thing, in selling his soul to the ignorant contractor in order to raise money for the speculation. But did he do it for that purpose? Did the contractor pay him? In all likelihood everything is clear in the manuscript of the play, but everything is obscure in the production.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

WALLACK'S. "VOTES FOR WOMEN." Play in three acts by Elizabeth Robins. Produced March 15th with this cast:

Lady John Wynnstay, Carrie Lee Stoyle; Richard Farnborough, Ashley Miller; Beatrice Dunbarton, Kathryn Browne; Lord John Wynnstay, Charles J. B. Bell; Mr. Freddy Tunbridge, J. Wilberforce-Lee; Mrs. Freddy Tunbridge, Edna West; Vida Levering, May Shaw; Allen Trent, B. Crosman Sedley-Brown.

"Votes for Women" cannot be considered seriously as a play, for its story does not afford a complete, consistent and effective action; but it has its uses in furthering the cause of female suffrage. The play was produced experimentally for one week. The subject, with a good play, is eminently practical from a managerial point of view; but as the play now stands the second act is the only one that counts, and that fact invalidates the play for profitable production. This second act is practically just such a close reproduction of a suffragette meeting in Trafalgar Square as could have been obtained from the newspapers giving a full report of it, supplemented by personal observation and by details

(*Continued on page xxi*)

In the Early Springtime

the farmer sows his barley—**each seed a living thing.** Soon it germinates, sprouts and ripens. Harvest time comes, the living crop is garnered—every seed multiplied a hundred fold. Nothing but the primest Northern barley is used in the preparation of

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Madison Avenue Hotel, New York MADISON AVENUE & NINETY-SECOND ST.

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Fashion Hints from the New York and Paris Stage

A GOODLY number of new ideas are now being exploited on the metropolitan stage. Foremost among these are the gowns made by Lord and Taylor for Frederic Thompson's production of "A Fool There Was." Since one knows the maker thereof, it is superfluous to say that all the women's parts are well and correctly dressed. The gowns are suitable to the occasions on which they are worn, and while they bear the stamp of the new season's fashions they are by no means freakish in style, but such as may be copied outright by any woman of good taste. They bear the hallmark of refined style.

The "Cabriolet" hat in black straw trimmed with pink roses.
By Carlier, Paris

A "Cabriolet" of white lace over a rose lining with a golden brown straw brim.
By Carlier, Paris

Little Miss Wurster as the Child is a veritable Dorothy Dainty with her perky hairbows, dainty white dresses, ankle-strap slippers, and the new plaid top socks. These tops are woven on a wristlet machine, so that they cling snugly about the small legs, and do not flop over in the untidy and unsightly manner that old-fashioned socks so frequently do. This wristlet top is a new idea that it behooves all mothers to investigate. Socks made with it come in all colors as well as in the plaid tops.

Talking of hosiery, there is a commendable improvement in women's gauze lisle hose. They are now made with a double top, so that they are much less liable to tear from the strain they are subjected to by the hose supporters. Needless to say that this innovation has been introduced by the makers of Onyx hosiery, in which there are colors to match all the new shoe leathers as well as those to harmonize with the fashionable colors in dress goods, and they are to be had in both silk and lisle hosiery.

Nanette Comstock plays the part of the Mother, and dresses it with her usual elegance and refinement. In the first act she wears a lovely tailored suit of yellow cloth or shantung, with a coat of the latter material in the second scene. The gown, which has a slight dip in the back that could hardly be dignified by the name of train, since it is so short, is made in princess style with the Empire waistline of decidedly modified proportions. The back breadths of the skirt come up over the bodice in an oval shape, which is outlined with braid to match the material. The neck is of the collarless type with lace trimmings and a flat rolling collar of black satin. This touch of black is repeated in the short Empire sash that extends across the front only. With this is worn a small black hat with a big crown and narrow straight brim that is more of the beaf-eater style than the mushroom effect, and which is simply trimmed with fine flowers. The coat worn with this gown is of the exact color and of the three-quarter length and half-fitting style that this spring is so fashionable for street wear with the instep-length skirt.

In the rose garden scene of the second act Miss Comstock wears a dainty white lingerie gown made on classic princess lines; that is, it adheres to the natural lines of the figure, and as nature has endowed Miss Comstock with a pretty, plump figure, she is a most attractive picture, and contrasts well with her more stately sister portrayed by Miss Conroy, who has the invalid's privilege of wearing a picturesque tea-gown that is by no means of the kimono order.

Miss Comstock in the third act wears one of the new cotton crêpe gowns in a delicate shade of blue that is simply ornamented with a narrow black velvet girdle. It is just the sort of gown that any woman would wear of a summer's morning in the country. I am

"Niagara Maid"
SILK GLOVES

There were silk gloves placed upon the market previous to the "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves, but glove perfection was not attained until the "NIAGARA" PROCESS was discovered and used only in connection with the manufacture of "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves.

Even the silk is unmatchable.

Every "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Glove has a style value heretofore unknown in silk gloves. They have a well-groomed appearance from the double-tipped fingers to the hem. There is no drawing or ill fit. They beautify the arm, instead of making it unsightly, as most silk gloves do.

The famous "NIAGARA" PROCESS gives this fabric double the wearing life, double the fitting life and double the beauty of any other glove fabric.

We place an extra thickness at the finger ends to fortify and add the durability that is expected of "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves. The plainest, most modest-priced "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Glove is a superior value. Others may offer you price similarity, but that is all.

We make exquisitely embroidered creations, too.

There's a strong tendency towards their vogue this season.

You should really see the colors of "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves to appreciate their beauty. Every shade and color tone that fashion calls for, or that your individual taste prefers, is expressed in the line.

An innovation distinctly "NIAGARA" is a hemstitched bracelet effect at the wrist of the embroidered glove. When the hands of gloves are no longer serviceable, they can be detached and your dealer will attach a new pair at considerable saving. In this way the economically inclined women can afford the "NIAGARA MAID" embroidered glove for numerous wear occasions.

All "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves are made in regular sizes and, in addition, quarter sizes, insuring precise fit for all hands.

The quarter size feature is only to be had in "NIAGARA MAID" Silk Gloves, which are the first silk gloves made to fit with the exactness of a kid glove.

Two-clasp Short Gloves, 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.25
Long Silk Gloves, 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50
Embroidered Silk Gloves, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50
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NIAGARA SILK MILLS, Dept. I, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Afternoon gown of flowered mousseline de soie, showing the molded waistline. Made by Badin, Paris

told that cotton crêpe is being brought forward as a substitute for long, not to say overpopular lingerie gowns, and certainly there are some attractive models in this material among the recent importations. White cotton crêpe gowns are sometimes trimmed with a discriminating touch of colored embroidery often executed in Russian or Bulgarian cross-stitch. This form of embroidery has been so long in abeyance that it comes with us now as a decided novelty. In the last scene of this act, Miss Comstock wears a dull blue gown that is a combination of voile and crêpe charmeuse. The crêpe is laid on the voile in wide bands, and the whole made over a foundation of soft satin. One could wish that she had chosen a neck ruff and hat of another color than black, say taupe grey or wood brown, to complete this toilet, for the black seems to form too violent a contrast.

Katherine Kaelred in this play is as admirably gowned as she was when she took the leading part in Mr. Savage's production of "The Devil," which gowns were illustrated in the December number of THE THEATRE, and are by no means out-of-date at the present time. In the steamer scene of the first act she wears a rather doe, mustard-colored cloth gown with a wrap that is decidedly novel in outline, and one that will be found decidedly useful for the majority of women for spring and summer purposes. It is made of a soft black satin, and finished in front and back with long ends that are completed by pendant jet ornaments. This is the sort of wrap that is easily adjusted, and which may be worn with a costume of almost any material or color. It gives just the necessary warmth about the shoulders for cool summer afternoons and evenings. Sad to say it is just the sort of wrap that is seldom found nowadays among the assortments of ready-made garments, for it is one that takes the most skilful dressmaker to design and execute.

Miss Kaelred in the library scene of the second act appears in an amethyst chiffon velvet gown topped by a huge black chip hat of the Gainsborough style that is decorated with numerous ostrich

Tussor traveling coat worn by Mlle. Clairville of the Théâtre des Nouveautés. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris

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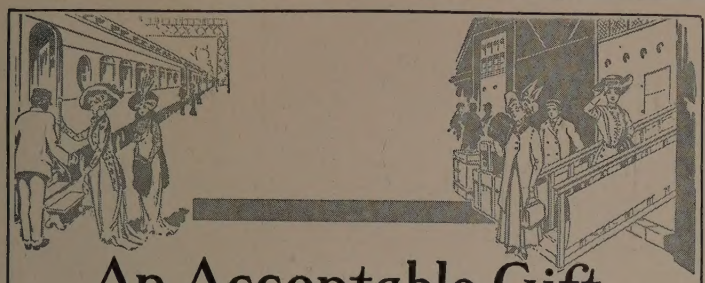
Evening gown worn by Mlle. Ladiny of the Théâtre Gymnase in "L'Ane de Buridan." The gown is of dull turquoise-blue satin finished crêpe with trimmings of gold lace, and touches of black charmeuse satin. Made by Redfern

plumes, and a most stunning picture she makes when so attired. This gown is of princess cut with a draped front to the bodice portion. The long lines at the back are accented by outlining the seams so that a panel effect is simulated from the hem of the train to the shoulders. This well accords with her snakelike actions in this scene, which are those of the hypnotic charmer.

In the last scene Miss Kaelred wears an evening gown of jetted net made over emerald green satin, which vivid tone becomes quite somber under its black veil. There are touches of red and gold embroidery around the lower portion of the skirt, which enhances the Oriental effect, and are in harmony with the part portrayed. Miss Kaelred certainly has the gift of dressing her parts correctly both as to style and color, and she is one of those exceptional English women who know how to carry their clothes to advantage, and that not only to herself but her clothes.

In the first act of "The Bachelor," Ruth Maycliffe should be a lesson to every business woman of what to avoid in the way of waists. There is not one really admirable employer who would not unconsciously resent the wearing of a collarless lingerie waist of the peek-a-boo order by any of his women employees. To be sure Miss Maycliffe is the pink of perfection and neatness, but if the average business woman wore such a frivolous waist she would be more than apt to find, accompanying her pay envelope at the end of her first week, a notice that her services were no longer required. The desirable employer to-day makes appropriate attire in the business office an indispensable condition of permanent employment. He admires trimness, neatness and freshness of apparel even if he does not say so in so many words. Trust the right sort of man for knowing when hooks do not meet eyes, or buttons the proper buttonholes. Miss Maycliffe is a pretty little actress, but unfortunately she has taken her conception of the stenographer's part from the vapid not to say malicious utterances of the newspapers, and therefore makes it a silly, frivolous part that is totally out of keeping with the good work she is said to have done. Otherwise, her natty blue serge coat and skirt would have been completed by a silk waist of the same color, or a tailored one of white madras or linen that would be solely attractive by its trimness and apparent recent return from the laundry; in fact, such a waist as in private

An exquisite example of the transparent evening coat worn by Mlle. Fontenay of the Théâtre Gymnase in "L'Ane de Buridan." Made by Redfern



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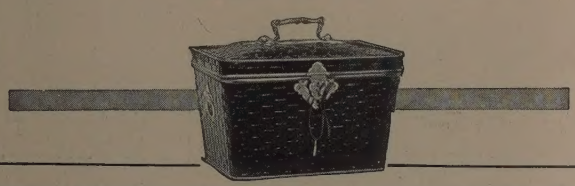

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life Miss Maycliffe looks so charming in.

Bertha Galland in "The Return of Eve" has really only one opportunity to wear a fashionable gown, and she makes the most of it. This is an exceedingly becoming white satin ball gown with which she wears an artistic cloak that is a triumph of exquisite coloring. This is made entirely of chiffon, one color being laid over another to produce the result. First there is the lining of gold-colored chiffon, which is veiled with a violet, and this in turn is half concealed by the outer covering of rich wine red verging on the purple, the whole giving the effect of a brilliant orchid. This color scheme is thoroughly in keeping with the scene, the chief decorations of which are orchids.

From the French stage we are showing this month an evening gown worn by Mlle. Ladiny of the Théâtre Gymnase in "L'Ane de Buridan," and made by Redfern. This gown is of a dull shade of turquoise blue satin with a corsage of gold lace, touched with draperies of black charmeuse. The princess line is preserved and accented in this costume by means of the deep point extending from the skirt up the back to a point between the shoulders, while in front the turquoise drapery covers the bust. The smooth close-fitting line is adhered to over the hips, but the front breadth of the skirt is cut slightly longer than the sides, and this extra length is scattered through the entire length of the side seams in a series of shallow folds.

The evening coat worn by Mlle. Fontenay is full length, and of heavy black net beautifully embroidered in silver, of which seagulls form the principal motif. Last month I spoke of the tendency towards coats of transparent material to be worn with afternoon, carriage and evening gowns, and this exquisite example gives further emphasis to the mode.

The traveling coat worn by Mlle. Clairville is a practical garment which would admirably suit the requirements of the fair motorist as well as the traveler, and will no doubt be copied by the frequenters of the fashionable race courses both here and abroad. It is made of tussor silk in the natural shade, and has the sleeves and neck finished with a novel and becoming trimming consisting of a full ruche of frayed-out taffeta of the same shade as the tussor. Large crochet buttons and ornaments and a single bit of tassel of matching color to the tussor are effectively used for further decorations.

Visiting gown in black meteor satin, emphasizing the continued vogue of transparent sleeves and the revival of jet buttons and fringe. Made by Laferrière, Paris, dressmaker to the Courts of England and Spain

The afternoon gown made by Badin, Paris, is constructed of figured mousseline de soie of which the dominating color is Venetian blue. The draped corsage opens over a chemisette of net in the same shade of blue, and the skirt is bordered with a taffeta silk band of that color. The special feature of this gown is the new shape of the girdle, which is ornamented with black and gold buttons. This girdle is of the moyen age cut ideas from which period French dressmakers are endeavoring to introduce this season. The leading American dressmakers have brought over only modified forms of the costumes of that period, and the concensus of opinion seems to be that the fall season will witness rather a reversion of the picturesque yet practical modes of the Louis XV and XVI epochs, of which there are already signs which indicate their general popularity in this country. The revival of these styles will mean a return to the normal figure lines, the fuller skirt, and the broader shoulder.

The present vogue of the one-piece princess gown is hardly likely to succumb to the introduction of new fashion ideas. The princess is too becoming, artistic and popular a style to be easily consigned to oblivion. Also it is susceptible of innovations that will render it distinctly of the new fashion.

The present vogue of the princess gown is well illustrated in the model from Laferrière, who has the dictinction of being the dressmaker of Royalty. This visiting gown is of black crêpe meteor, made in a slightly draped tunic the edge of which is bordered with a deep knotted silk fringe. About the hips and over the bust the drapery is seemingly held in place by the single row of large jet cabochons. This is not an entirely black gown, for the corsage has one side made of gold lace and the other of jetted net, while the long transparent sleeves are finished at the wrists with a narrow band of jet.

Black straw hat faced with cherry and trimmed with black moire ribbon and cherry plumes. By Eliane, Paris

A symphony in gray. Hat of gray crin ornamented with a band of gray lace, tulle ruching and willow plume. By Eliane, Paris

The New Plays

(*Continued from page xiii*)

required by the story of the play. It is the scene from life, however, that is of real importance and interest, and it forms a solid nucleus which could be used in some possible play which the subject deserves. The speakers are surrounded by a mob which is, for the most part, derisive, but is occasionally brought to cheers by some striking argument. A man presides over the meeting, and one man speaks. Three or four women of various types and from different classes of society present arguments from their own point of view and experiences. The plain, earnest talk of a woman representing the working women of the East Side was diverting and really conclusive in its limited range. Miss Mary Shaw, as Vida, the heroine of the play, embodies the very spirit of stout conviction. With her deliberate expression, clear utterance, and power of earnestness, she may be described, not at all inaptly or indelicately, as a hard hitter. This scene is full of vitality, with its arguments, interruptions, violence, conflict of opinion, incidents both diverting and serious, and various types.

MAJESTIC. "The Newlyweds and Their Baby." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Aaron Hoffman and Paul West. Music by Nat D. Ayer and John W. Bratton. Produced March 22d with this cast:

Ferdinand Newlywed, William Clifton; Napoleon Newlywed—Major Knott Much, James E. Rosen; Tom Travers, Fletcher Norton; Prof. August Nichol, Irving Brooks; Adolph Nichol, George P. Murphy; Dr. I. Curem, Tom Hadaway; Mrs. Newlywed, Ruby Ray; Gwendolin, Flavia Arcaro; Dolly Jolly, Carrie Reynolds; Bolivar, Alfred Grady; Sergeant Daly, Harry Murphy; Dora, Minnie Higgins; Cora, Nancy Neville; Violet, Marguerite Florence; Rose, Leona Remington.

It would puzzle a conjurer to tell exactly how it all happened, but it was something in this way: The Newlyweds have a baby, of whose existence and pranks, as also of the indulgent devotion of the parents, we have been duly apprised in the cartoons of Mr. McManus in an actual, and not a mythical, newspaper of this day and city; the proprietor of an incubator plant steals the baby in order to exhibit it as a product of his industry; in order to conceal the absence of the baby until he is found again, somebody in the household steals a dwarf from a showman, who, of course, is somebody else; in these various transactions a willow basket or hamper is used to carry away or bring back this interchangeable human commodity, but on one occasion it is not Napoleon, the baby, but Napoleon, a dog. The complications are too abstruse for an ordinary mind to follow, consequently, we do attempt a solution or submit them for solution. The material fact, however, is that Major Knott Much, the dwarf, in real life James E. Rosen, occupies the cradle and the stage to the limit. He is caressed by his parents, and responds with his crooning "da-das" with infantile perfection.

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "The Mascot." Operetta by Audran. Revived April 12th with this cast:

Bettina, Flora Zabelle; Fiametta, Estelle Wentworth; Pippo, Henry Coote; Lorenzo XVII, Raymond Hitchcock; Rocco, Edward M. Favor; Frederic, Edgar Atchison Ely; Matheo, Bruce Smith; Parafante, Arthur Thalasso; Physician, Pony Moore; Nicola, Marie Louis Miller; Gabrini, Marguerite Loveridge; Adelaide, Inez Girard; Rosa, George Pullman; Rienzi, Clarence Coldren; Carlo, Nita Manson; Paolo, Alice Marraner; Angelo, Flora Crosbie; Luigi, Geraldine Bruce; Marco, Greta Gleason; Garri, Bee Wentworth.

"The Mascot" is one of the few delightful light opera memories that the theatregoer of a quarter of a century ago still has left among his many disillusions. Who can resist the charm of Audran's music which set the whole world whistling in 1880? Who does not remember with pleasure the original Bettina as played in Paris by Mme. Montbazon, the unctuous drollery of the first Lorenzo acted by M. Hittemanns or the comical Pippo of M. Morlet? New York did not see the piece until three years later—September 5, 1882, at the Bijou. Selina Dolaro was the Bettina, George W. Denham the Lorenzo, and Lithgow James the Pippo. But that was twenty-seven years ago! Time and again it has been shown that the successes of another generation cannot be revived to-day, and the experiment Raymond Hitchcock is now making only furnishes another proof of this argument. It is the same music, the same book, never has "The Mascot" been costumed or put on in such an elaborate manner, but the soul of Audran's exquisite operetta is not there. It is even to be questioned if Broadway with its present vitiated taste would be able to appreciate the work if it were.

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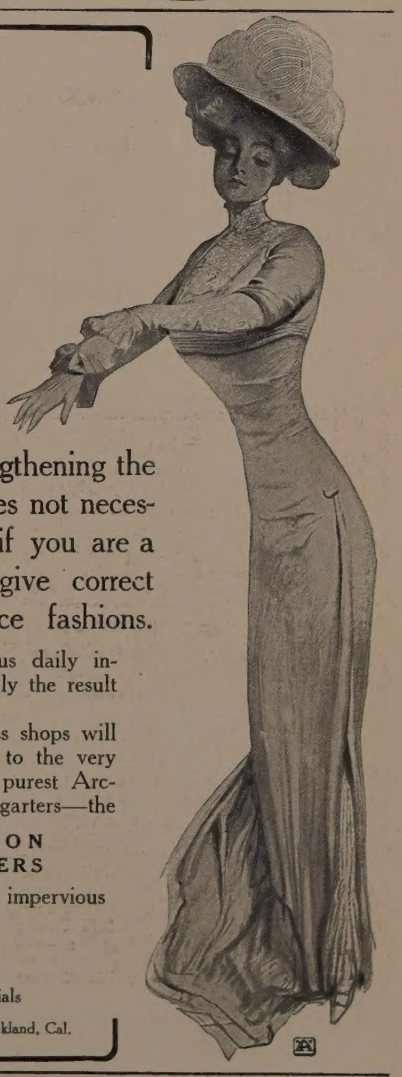

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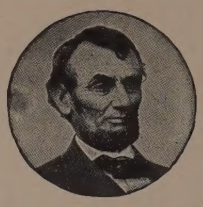

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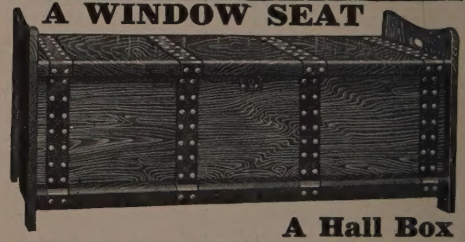

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